

# THE WAR CRY



AND OFFICIAL

GAZETTE OF THE

SALVATION ARMY

IN CANADA AND

NEWFOUNDLAND

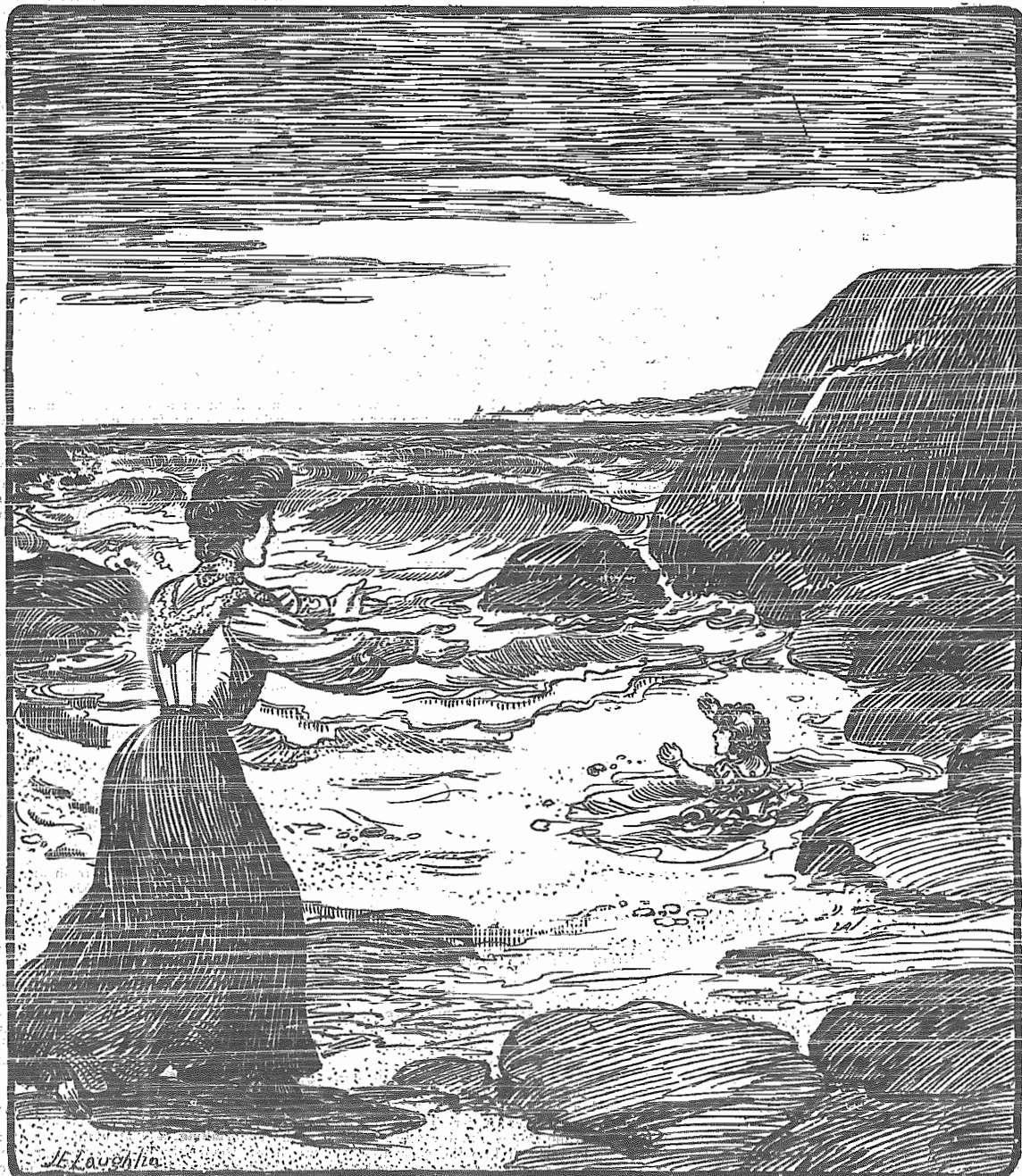
21st Year. No. 3.

WILLIAM BOOTH,  
General.

TORONTO, OCTOBER 15, 1904.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,  
Commissioner.

Price, 5 Cents.



E. Laughlin

LOST IN THE QUICKSANDS.

(See Article, page 4.)

# OUR ARMY

GLOBE GROUND

## GREAT BRITAIN.

Capt. David Brankin, of Nottingham III, England, is a sturdy, happy Irishman. He got converted in Lancashire seven years ago in what was termed "a very simple way." An evangelist said to him one evening:

"Do you love the Lord, my brother?"  
"The Lord? I don't know who the Lord is!" truthfully replied the man from the Emerald Isle.

"Would you like to be saved?" was the next question.

"Saved! What's that?" asked the Irishman, who at that time didn't even know the name of the first book in the Bible.

The plan of salvation was then explained to him as to a little child, and as the Irishman had long realized his need of something of the kind, he soon understood his position. The result of the conversation was that Brankin gave his heart to God and determined to forsake sin.

Soon afterwards David joined the Salvation Army, the energy and happiness of its soldiers having proved an irresistible attraction. Then he began to educate himself. All his spare time was spent in increasing his store of knowledge, and by the help of his little lamp Brankin read his Bible from beginning to end during stray moments in the coal mine. After three years of persevering study David knew as much as ordinary folk, and to his joy he was accepted for service as an officer. Since then he has done useful service, and he has lost none of his native enthusiasm and "go."

## UNITED STATES.

At Connersville, Ind., U.S.A., we have just had an outing for two hundred poor children. One ice cream maker gave twenty gallons of ice cream as his contribution towards the feast.

"Old Sol," a prominent member of the Colored Songster Brigade at the recent International Congress in England, has just passed away at his home in Frederick City, U.S.A. Uncle Sol had been a loyal Salvation for sixteen or seventeen years. He had visited three or four former Congresses, and was in hopes that he would be able to see the next.

Our officer at Newport, U.S.A., has been greatly encouraged by the surrender to God of the captain of a vessel who first met the Army in the open-air, followed the soldiers to the hall, and there got converted. The same officer recently sat up all night with an ex-saloon-keeper, whose life was despaired of, and also had the joy of leading him to the Saviour.

## INDIA.

A great number of heathen people attended Lieut.-Colonel Mithri's (Mrs. Blowers') meeting at Navalakadoo, South India, and at the close seven men and women came forward for salvation. Five of the number were heathens, and one of these was a young Hindoo bride, who said she wanted to give up her idols and become a Christian like her husband. Capt. Jeya Ratnum had been visiting a village nearby, and dealt with a man about his soul in Tamil. The man said he would like to pray, but did not know how, so the Captain taught him, and at night his son and daughter were also among the number at the penitent form.

The following note is from the diary of three Indian officers on a specialising tour: "We arrived at Rapatala only one hour late, which is very good indeed for this line, and made for the officers' quarters at once. It is

a mud hut of one room and with no windows. The officers gladly shared their accommodation with us, and so this room answered the purpose of sitting, sleeping, dining, and cook-room house for us all; and there being no chimney for smoke to escape, we had to open our mouths and swallow a lot of it. On enquiring what kind of a place we had got to, we were informed it was 'a half-past six place,' that being the Telugu way of describing a dead-and-alive village."

## AUSTRALASIA.

A "Salvation Army Printing House Band" is one of the newest features in Melbourne Army warfare, Australia. The band is helping the suburban corps, where their visits are greatly appreciated.

Salvationism in the country districts of Australasia is anything but feather-bed work. A party of officers who were recently visiting some of the outposts in their district, arrived at Benalla in a pitiable condition—wet through and covered with mud. They had biked, and for something like twenty miles they had been compelled to work their passage afoot on flooded roads, wading knee-deep in water. Nothing daunted, however, they pounded steadily on, pushing their machines, and immediately after a change started a meeting which was well attended.

During the past year there were 420,598 cheap beds supplied in Australia, being an increase of seven thousand over the previous year.

There lives in a certain city of the Australian Commonwealth an old lady eighty-five years of age, who, up till twenty years ago was a most notorious character. She had 284 convictions against her. When the worst for drink she was most violent. She was met by our officers on release from jail, taken home to their quarters and cared for, and soon she yielded to the kindly influence, became converted, and is now a living trophy of permanent rescue.

## FRANCE.

The municipality of Paris have asked the Salvation Army to deal with women of a certain class—not that the municipality have particular sympathy with our form of religion, but they recognize that the Salvation Army is able to help these poor creatures effectively.

## JAPAN.

Staff-Capt. Yamamuro has been promoted to the rank of Major. Yamamuro is the first Japanese officer to bear this rank, as he was the first to bear the rank of Staff-Captain.

## CENTRAL AFRICA.

Lieut.-Colonel Johnston, who is perhaps better known by his Indian name of Jeya Kodi, has been appointed to pioneer our work in Central Africa, and will proceed almost at once to Mashonaland, from which point he will direct his operations.

## Evolution of the Salvation Army.

### NORWAY.—(Concluded.)

Soldiers of the fighting quality were made, and Christiana I. soon had a number of blood-and-fire recruits ready to swear in. Thus reads the report of the occurrence:

"A few days ago I responded to the invitation of the Captain of Christiana I. to go and spend a little season with them, and swear in some soldiers under the Articles of War. Accordingly one Sunday afternoon I found the barracks full to the very utmost. Scores and scores of happy faces made it easy to see that a vast number of them were saved. The liberty in the meeting was most

blessed, as also the united feeling among us all. The articles relating to the Salvation Army's standard of soldiery were read and everything made plain. In answer to the question, 'How many are willing to live this out by the grace of God?' nearly 150 men. Forty-two of these were being commissioned Sergeants, who were working thirteen districts with visitation of converts. No wonder glorious results were to be seen! There stood many a young woman saved from the neighboring dance-halls, where, a few weeks ago, they whirled away their young lives unmolested, until the songs and life of the Army drew them to the cross by the Holy Ghost power. There stood fathers, and mothers, and young men. Oh, what solemn earnestness fell upon us all as they were sworn in under the Articles of War. These Sergeants report that in the neighborhood of Christiana I. barracks they find twenty whole families saved by the instrumentality of the Army this past three months."

We have already dived too deeply into these early reports, but the reading of them has convinced us that from the onset the Salvation Army in Norway was well received, and the soul-saving work, which began immediately after the officers arrived, was most gratifying. To follow the Army from the time of its commencement to the present would be an impossibility. Corps were quickly opened in Bergen, the next largest city to Christiana, and prettily situated it is, being hedged in by steep mountains. Of old famous as the chief commercial town of Norway, it has, within the last decade or two, been superseded by Christiana. It possesses a considerable steam fleet, and the large wharves are worthy of inspection. A stream of English tourists visit this city every summer. It is said that it rains nearly every day in Bergen, and there is a legend to the effect that a horse takes fright when he sees a man without an umbrella! Again we are seriously departing from our story. We simply meant to inform our readers Bergen suffered an attack from the Salvation band, together with a few score other places, as the months and years went on; not only did corps work proper, but the Social department also, particularly the Rescue Work among fallen women. As elsewhere, in the beginning it was the day of small things. We will select one of these Homes at random and give a few particulars concerning it.

Stavanger has about thirty thousand inhabitants. The town is situated on a branch of the large, widely-ramified Bjunkfjord, the southernmost of those large fjords, which are a peculiar feature of western Norway. Stavanger possesses only a few stone buildings, but has a fine cathedral. The town owes its prosperity chiefly to the shipping trade, fish being the staple commodity. There are a great many factories—in which young girls, mostly, are employed.

These girls are exposed to many temptations. Most of them, having come from the country, are strangers to city life. Their wages being small, they cannot afford comfortable lodgings, and it is no uncommon thing for half a dozen girls to live together in a tiny hut. The confinement becoming irksome to those accustomed to fresh air, and room to move, leads many of the most unsophisticated among them to spend much of their time in the streets, rather than remain cooped up in one small room.

This Bohemian sort of existence frequently ends disastrously, and this led the Salvation Army to plan and prepare a Girls' Metropole, where, for the small sum of \$2.25 per week, they can be comfortably lodged and boarded.

The Home is very bright, homelike, and inviting. The name chosen is "Heimkvild," which, being interpreted, means the Home of Rest. When it was opened there was accommodation for thirty girls.

The Home, shortly after it was opened, was visited by a number of persons interested in the undertaking, and at night a meeting was held, attended by nearly a thousand persons, including members of the Town Council and several clergymen belonging to the State Church.

# BAYSWATER BOYS.

A STRANGER'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE REFORMATORY WORK WE ARE DOING IN AUSTRALIA AMONG BOYS COMMITTED TO OUR CARE BY THE STATE.

Much has been written at different times of our work at Bayswater, Victoria, amongst the boys committed to our care by the State; but of the faithful officers, toiling behind the scenes in the work of remaking the lads, little is seen or heard.

It was the privilege of the writer recently to attend one of the weekly officers' meetings, which are so appreciated by the officers who in turn are off duty on meeting night.

How did the meeting strike the stranger? It was a sample of the most blood-and-fire of soldiers' meetings, with the advantage of the varied experience of officers. In turn the officers (as Captain and Lieutenant) lead the weekly gathering, until all on the farm, from the Superintendent to the last Lieutenant, has had his or her turn. On this occasion Capt. Giles led, assisted by Lieut. Johnson. The Captain's heart was overflowing with the love and joy of the Lord, and he shouted, clapped, and danced, until we feared for the safety of the ancient floor of the Superintendent's dining-room.

The singing and prayer were full of "heart" and earnest desire, or expression of faithfulness to God, and the Father was graciously near the mercy seat to bless and encourage.

Then came the testimonies. No waiting, no reserve, but an honest outpouring of heart experience, from comrade to comrade.

Adjt. Annie Robertson, who for fifteen years has done faithful field service, and is now, with the aid of Ensign Porter and Lieut. Coulson, mothering forty boys at No. 2 Home, spoke in her fresh, happy manner. "We were singing a while ago—

'My sins are all forgiven,  
I feel the blood applied.'

As officers, we do not often speak of being saved, or of sins forgiven, but to-night I feel afresh how good it is to know that it is so, to 'have a conscience void of offence toward God and man.' This is my happy experience."

Sergt. Alex. Hamilton, who has graduated from the rank and file of the boys to his present happy and honorable position, hits straight out from the shoulder every time; there is nothing indefinite in his speech or action. "I do thank God that now fifteen months have passed since Jesus saved me, and my faith in God is growing deeper and stronger. Whenever anything hard or unpleasant comes along my way, I say at once, 'It's not half of what Jesus suffered for me, and that thought always helps me through.'"

Lieut. Morphett was in "glory street" before she came to the meeting. She had enjoyed a very happy week, and was conscious of Jesus leading and guiding her. She had received much blessing in meditating on the words, "Here we have no continuing city," and was setting her affections on heavenly things and living for eternity.

Ensign Frost was very happy in her soul and in her work.

Ensign Porter was willing and ready for God's service anywhere.

Sergt. Taylor was thankful to be engaged in the work God has entrusted to his hands, and determined to do it as a workman that need not be ashamed.

Lieuts. Austin and Mann sang sweetly, and testified, and Capts. Beattie and Greenaway, Lieuts. Coulson, Mentiply, and Craig also added their words of praise or desire. Staff-Capt. Suttor and Ensign Caisley pleased the company with a duet. Sandwiched in here and there Staff-Capt. and Mrs. Suttor spoke in their well-known earnest way.

"I watched the sun set in golden glory this evening," said Mrs. Suttor, "with the expectation of seeing it shine again to-morrow, but that little couplet—

'Work, for the night is coming,  
When man's work is done,'

came to me, and as I watched I thought that soon my life's sun will set, and my opportunities will be gone, with no hope for another

day. I do long to be faithful in my work, for faithfulness alone will count in the final summing up."

Ensign Harvey: "I cannot do better than tell you an experience which made a great impression on my mind lately. I had occasion to visit the lunatic asylum, and, whilst in the grounds I noticed a company of girl inmates, with their guardians, coming in my direction. I felt curious to see the poor creatures, but did not wish them to observe me, so I stood behind a bush. Presently the troop came up, and I was shocked to see the seemingly sad, or, in many instances, the very revolting expression on the faces of the patients, and in contrast the bright, strong character of the nurses. Fine women they were, but what influenced me so deeply that I think I shall never forget it, was the way they utterly gave themselves up to their poor charges. They played with them, and laughed with them as one would with their own darling little one; but the difference was that the objects of their attention were devoid of one pleasing feature—uninteresting, unlovely, trying, cranky. I tell you, I watched them till they passed, and then went on my way with many feelings in my soul. 'Joshua Harvey,' I said to myself, 'How much of the love of God have you got? How much in reality do you give yourself up to your work amongst the boys? How much real disinterested love and patience and interest have you in your charges?' When I got home I went down on my knees, and in a way I had never done before, I gave myself to God, and claimed a baptism of love and patience and wisdom for this great and honorable work to do which He has called me, and, bless Him, He has given me the desire of my heart. By His help I intend to continue seeking Him, so that I may have His Spirit to do His work."

Lieut. Johnson, in his happy, boyish fashion, told an incident of his work which started a very helpful strain of comment: "I tell you it takes some patience to pull you through some hours of the day, some of the boys are that aggravating—I'll tell you. One of them in particular will never do anything right unless you stand over him; however, I gave him the job of putting out the cows' feed to-day. I went over the whole thing (which, of course, he knew), and told him to be sure and put the feed out regularly—so much to each cow—and when I went to see how he had got on, he had given heaps to this one, next to none to that, and hadn't even put it in the trough, but pitched it down anyhow. I said, 'You shan't have the chance to do this to-morrow; you shall be wheeling manure.'"

"Who was it?" put in the Superintendent, smiling. "—?" "He must go on until he does it properly."

But the Lieutenant's little incident served to show that when God's children fret at the task set before them, and do it in a careless, slovenly way, they are often taken from that work and put in an obscure corner with little to occupy their hands and minds. How often ex-officers to-day are deploring the day they first grumbled at their appointment, then performed their duties in a half-hearted way, and finally dropped out of their God-called service.

Space is gone, or much more of pleasure and profit from this happy meeting might be recorded. Enough has, however, been written to enable comrades otherwise engaged to know that on our Social Farms the self-same heart-throb which indicates the life of the Salvation Army on the platform or in visitation, has a good, strong beat, and the General's motto, "Go straight for souls, and go for the worst," is being lived out in the heartiest of spirit.

Under the supervision of Mrs. Lieut.-Colonel Miles, some fifty or sixty children have left New York City week by week to enjoy from one to three weeks under canvas. They have had plenty of bathing, boating, and farm life generally.



"Tawdry pleasures lure him; silly excuses chain him; in the frenzied pursuit of folly he flings away his slender store, leaving nothing for the ransom which will surely demand of him."—St. Louis Post-Despatch.



## POWER.

By Dr. W. D. Reid.

(Continued.)

**B**UT there is another kind of power that belongs to God, that is even more wonderful and awe inspiring than that which we have been speaking of, viz., spiritual power. "It is that power that manifests itself in the conquest of evil, in the uplifting of men, in the triumphs of virtue, and in moral achievements." This is a far grander, nobler, more Godlike kind of power than mere physical force. To me it is a far more wonderful thing to see the power of God raising a dune of sand out of the gutter, setting him on his feet again, making a man out of him, and giving him control over himself, and enabling him to live a God-honoring life, than it is to see the power of God in a wild thunderstorm, or on the heaving billows of the stormy ocean. To me it is a far grander sight to see, as I have seen, the power of God take hold of a wild, swearing, blasphemous infidel, make him a humble, God-fearing man, than it is to behold the power of God growing the harvest and preparing food for man. To me it is a more awe inspiring sight to behold the power of God working in a man, making him unselfish, humble, making him to have control over his temper, making him kind and gentle and sympathetic, and loving to all, than it is to behold the power of God heaving up the rocky mountains in a wild earthquake, or hurling down death and destruction from a vomiting Vesuvius. To behold a power at work in a man that will send a Wishart to the stake, a Telemachus to the lions, or an Alphonso to the rack is far more wonderful to behold than to see the power of God hurling a roaring Niagara into the seething gulch, or holding planets in their orbits.

### "Though He Slay Me."

A man standing true to the right in the face of dire temptation, a Christiana going to the stake for a moral principle, a Job submissive and adorning, and declaring, "though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him," amidst the ruins of all that this world could offer, is a far more inspiring sight to the soul, than all the mightiest exhibitions of physical power that man has ever seen. Well may the Psalmist cry out in the rapture of his soul, well may we cry out in adoring reverence, "Power belongs unto God." "Oh, that I might behold Thy power."

But perhaps the greatest reason why we should want to behold that power of God is because we are utterly dependent upon it for salvation. Without it there is no hope, no peace, no certainty. Unless God has power to save me, and is willing to do it, I must be lost, as I have no power to save myself. It is the power of God unto salvation, that saves a sinner.

Some one has said, "The religion of Jesus Christ differs from all other religions in two things: It makes it the hardest thing in the world to be saved, and it makes it the easiest thing in the world." Read that sermon on the mount and behold what dazzling heights of holiness the Christian is called upon to scale. When passing through the Alps I remember of casting a yearning look away up to the snow-capped Mont Blanc, among the clouds, and a sort of longing to scale the giddy mountain took possession of me. Then I realized a sort of feeling of remoteness and helplessness come over me as I gazed at it; it was so far beyond my reach and ability. Who can read that sermon on the mount and listen to the word, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect," without having that same helpless, remote feeling stealing over him? "I can never attain to that giddy height of holiness," is the thought that comes over one. All the other religions that have ever been propagated are but foot-hills alongside this Mont Blanc religion.

### Feel it a Hopeless Conflict.

When we turn from the heights to which we are invited, and look into our lives, our fail-

ings, our follies, our weaknesses, our vices, our evil habits, our poor weak struggles, our stumblings, our failings, we feel it is a most hopeless conflict. As well might we try to climb the icy, shimmering sides of Mont Blanc to the summit, as attempt this impossible task. A feeling of helplessness, of hopelessness, steals over me, I am overwhelmed.

Yes, salvation, according to Christ, is the hardest thing in the world. It is the easiest, too, because it reveals to me the grand and glorious truth, that salvation is of God. It brings to me the glad tidings that all I have to do is to yield, and His power is mine. We are saved by the "power of God." Even the very power that works in us for righteousness is His power, and He tells us that He is "able and willing to do for us, far above what we can either ask or think." What a glorious thought is this! After feeling our utter inability to scale the heights of holiness to which we are called, after, like Paul, we have proved that the things that we would not, those we do, and the things that we would do, we cannot, what a glorious thing to be able to turn and face them all with the triumphant words upon our lips, "I can do all things through Christ that strengtheneth me." This brings me to my second point.

(To be continued.)

## Swallowed by Quicksands.

(See frontispiece.)

Unable to render assistance, Mrs. Kinley, wife of James Kinley, superintendent of a motor supply company, saw her four-year-old daughter swallowed up by the quicksands near the shore front here, says a recent Port Washington, L.I., despatch to the Herald. She then fell unconscious, and is now in a dangerous condition.

The girl was at play only a few feet from her home, which is near the shore. The child approached near the edge of a pool of water, and suddenly lost her balance and slipped in. The water was only two or three feet deep, but the bottom of the pool was quicksand. Mrs. Kinley rushed to the spot to snatch her daughter from the water, and was horrified to see her slowly disappearing in the sand. The woman screamed and then swooned. Workmen from the factory rushed to her aid. She was restored sufficiently to tell what had happened, and the men set to work to rescue the child. The body, being light, had not sunk entirely below the surface, but the girl had fallen upon her face and was smothered to death. One of the rescuers sank to his knees in the quicksand, and had to be pulled out by a companion.

Quick efforts were made to revive the child, and physicians were summoned, but their labors were fruitless.

Quicksand is most treacherous ground. It cannot be detected by the eye, as its appearance is the same as ordinary sand. Only actual experience teaches its presence, and that often proves fatal.

So it is with moral quicksand. Sin does not present its ugly and deathly side in temptation. Walking in the highway of trans-

gression, the pleasure-seeker cannot readily detect the presence of quicksand. So much of sinful pleasure appears quite harmless, but once entered upon the ground slips from beneath the sinner, whose soul is slowly engulfed.

Many a mother has seen her child swallowed up by the quicksand of worldliness, of drink, or of false ambitions. The firm ground of religious training is forsaken and the soul is overwhelmed with the besetment chosen.

Christ's disciples should be living signposts who place themselves between the sinner and the pits of quicksand, crying, "Danger! Turn aside! We know of this deadly trap." It is better to prevent than to rescue. Let us seek more to prevent the young, while not neglecting to rescue the fallen and struggling.



The visit of the Chief Secretary to Hamilton L. with a number of the Headquarters Staff, resulted in fifteen souls at the mercy seat—fourteen of this number come forward Sunday night.

Lieut. Varnell, out of Yorkville corps, we regret to say, lost her father recently. Her comrades will not forget to pray for her.

Adj. Jennings, late of the Eastern Province, takes command of the Peterboro corps.

The Seaman's Home, which has recently been secured by the Salvation Army on Prince William Street, St. John, N.B., is a splendid acquisition. On the premises there are to be found a well-equipped Provincial Headquarters, Trade Depot, and ample accommodation for sailors and those desiring decent beds. Altogether the building is one with which the Provincial Office may be justly proud.

Cpts. DeBow and Parker will accompany Staff-Capt. F. Morris on his trip west with the moving pictures of the International Congress—the former as pianist and the latter as electrician.

Ensign Lily B. Scott will marry Adjutant Duncan P. McRae, at the Citadel, Winnipeg, Thursday, Oct. 13th. We wish them well.

Three hundred and seventy-five dollars was the financial result of the Commissioner's farewell meetings at Montreal, in the Windsor Hall.

Will officers who have not yet replied to the recent letter of the Auxiliary Secretary, re "Doing Good Guild," kindly do so immediately by forwarding the desired information to Miss N. B. Johnston, Auxiliary Secretary, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

In last week's Newslets we stated that Ensign Freeman is making the Newfoundland Provincial Headquarters into a Rescue Home. This is an error. The fact is the present Rescue Home is being enlarged by taking in the adjoining house, which in the past has been used for the Women's Garrison. The P. H. Q. is not affected by these alterations.

## The Commissioner's Farewell Tour

### MISS BOOTH

WILL CONDUCT PUBLIC MEETINGS AT

ST. JOHN, N.B., Opera House, Sunday and Monday, Oct. 18, 19.

OTTAWA, - - - - - Russell Theatre, Sunday, Oct. 23.

TORONTO, - Massey Hall, Sunday and Monday, Nov. 27, 28.

# "The Man That Died for Me."

A STORY FROM THE FAR WEST.

ANY years ago I wanted to go as a foreign missionary, but my way seemed hedged about, and as the years came and went, I went to live on the Pacific Coast. Life was rough in the mining country where I lived. I heard of a man who lived over the hills and was dying of consumption, and they said, "He is so vile no one can stand it to stay with him, so the boys place some food by him and leave him for twenty-four hours." And added, "They'll find him dead sometime, and the quicker the better." Never had a soul, I guess.

The pity of it all haunted me as I went about my work, and I tried for three days to get someone to go and see him and find out if he was in need of better care. As I turned from the last man, vexed with his indifference, the thought came to me, "Why don't you go yourself? Here's missionary work if you want it." It had never occurred to me before that I could go.

I'll not tell how I weighed the probable uselessness of my going, or how I shrank from one so vile as he. It wasn't the kind of work I wanted.

At last one day I went over the hills to the little cabin. It was just one room. The door stood open, and up in one corner on some straw and colored blankets I found the dying man. Sin had left awful marks on his face, and if I had not heard that he could not move, I should have retreated hastily. As my shadow fell over the floor, he looked up and greeted me with a dreadful oath.

"Don't speak so, my friend," I said.

"I ain't your friend. I ain't got any friends," he said.

"Well, I am yours and —"

But the oaths came quickly as he said, "You ain't my friend. I never had any friends, and I don't want any now."

I reached out, at arm's length, the fruit I had brought him, and stepping back to the doorway I asked him if he ever had a wife, and he cursed her. I spoke of God, and

## He Cursed Him.

I tried to speak of Jesus and His death for us, but he stopped me with his oaths and said, "That's all a lie. Nobody ever died for others."

I went away discouraged. I said to myself, "I knew it was no use." The next day I went back again, and I went every day for two weeks, but he did not show the gratitude a dog would have shown.

At the end of that time I said, "I'm not going any more." That night, when I was putting my little boys to bed, I did not pray for the miner as I had been accustomed to do. My little Charlie noticed it, and said:

"Mamma, you did not pray for the bad man."

"No," I answered, with a sigh.

"Have you given him up, mamma?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Has God given him up, mamma? Ought you to give him up before God does?"

That night I could not sleep. The dying man, and so vile, with no one to care. I got up and went away by myself to pray, but the moment I touched my knees I was overpowered by the sense of how little meaning there had been to my prayers. I had had no faith, and I had not really cared, beyond a kind of half-hearted sentiment. Oh, the shame, the sham of my missionary zeal! I fell on my face literally, as I cried, "O Christ, give me a little glimpse of the worth of a human soul." Did you ever ask that, and mean it? Don't do it unless you are willing to give up ease and selfish pleasure, for life will be a different thing to you after that revelation.

I stayed on my knees until

## Calvary Became a Reality to Me.

I cannot describe those hours. They came and went unheeded, but I learned that night what I had never known before, what it was to travail for a human soul. I saw my Lord

as I had never seen Him before. I stayed there until the answer came.

The next morning brought a lesson in Christian work I had never learned before. I had waited on other days until the afternoon, when, my work being all over, I could change my dress, put on my gloves and take a walk while the shadows were on the hill-sides. That day, the moment my little boys went off to school I left my work, and, without waiting for gloves or shadows, hurried over the hills, not to see "that vile wretch," but to win a soul. I thought the man might die. There was a human soul in the balance and I wanted to get there quickly.

As I passed on, a neighbor came out of her cabin and said, "I'll go over the hills with you, I guess."

I did not want her, but it was another lesson for me. God could plan better than I could. She had her little girl with her, and as we reached the cabin she said, "I'll wait out here, and you hurry, won't you?"

I do not know what I expected, but the man

## Greeted Me with an Awful Oath;

but it did not hurt as it did before; for I was behind Christ, and I stayed there. I could bear what struck Him first.

While I was changing the basin of water and towel for him, things which I had done every day, and which he had used but never thanked me for, the clear laugh of the little girl rang out upon the air like a bird note.

"What's that?" said the man, eagerly.

"It's a little girl outside who is waiting for me."

"Would you mind letting her come in?" said he, in a different tone from any I had heard before.

Stepping to the door, I beckoned to her, and then, taking her by the hand, said, "Come and see the sick man, Mamie."

She shrank back as she saw his face, and said, "I'm afraid."

But I assured her with, "Poor sick man, he can't get up, and he wants to see you."

She looked like an angel, her face framed in golden curls, and her eyes tender and pitiful. In her hand she held the flowers she had picked off the purple sage brush, and bending toward him, she said, "I am sorry for 'oo, sick man. Will 'oo have a posy?"

He laid his great bony hand beyond the flowers on the plump hand of the child, and the great tears came to his eyes as he said, "I had a little girl once, and she died. Her name was Mamie. She cared for me. Nobody else did. Guess I'd been different if she'd lived. I've hated everybody since she died."

I knew I had the key to the man's heart, and the thought came quickly, born of that midnight prayer service. "When I spoke of your mother and your wife you cursed them, and I know now that they were not good women or you could not have done it, for I never knew a man who could curse a good mother."

"Good women! Oh, you don't know nothin' 'bout that kind of woman. You can't think what they was."

"Well, if your little girl had lived and grown up with them, wouldn't she have been just like them? Would you have liked to have her live for that?"

He evidently had never thought of it, and his great eyes looked off for a full minute. As they came back to mine he cried, "O God, no! I'd killed her first. I'm glad she died."

Reaching out and taking the poor hand, I said, "The dear Lord didn't want her to be like them. He loved her even better than you did. So He took her away where she could be cared for by the angels. He is keeping her for you. To-day she is waiting for you. Don't you want to see her again?"

"Oh, I'd be willing to be burnt alive a thousand times over, if I could just see my little gal once more, my little Mamie."

Oh, friends, you know what a blessed story I had, to tell that hour, and I had been so close to Calvary that night that I could tell it in earnest.

The poor face grew ashy pale as I talked, and the man threw up his arms as though his agony was mastering him. Two or three times he gasped as though losing breath. Then, clutching me, he said, "What's that, woman, you said 't'other day 'bout talkin' to somebody out o' sight?"

"It's praying. I tell Him what I want."

"Pray now, pray quick. Tell Him I want my little girl agin. Tell Him anything you want to."

I took the hands of the child and placed them on the trembling hands of the man. Then dropping on my knees, with the child in front of me, I bade her pray for the man who had lost his little Mamie and wanted to see her again. As nearly as I remember, this was Mamie's prayer:

"Dear Jesus, this man is sick. He has lost his little girl, and he feels bad about it. It's so sorry for him, and he's sorry, too. Won't You help him and show him where to find his 'little girl'? Do, please. Amen."

## Heaven Seemed to Open Before Us.

There stood One with the prints of the nails in His hands, and the wound in His side.

Mamie slipped away soon, but the man kept saying, "Tell Him more 'bout it, tell Him everything; but, oh, you don't know."

Then he poured out such a torrent of confession that I could not have borne it but for the One that was close to us that hour. You know how He reached out after that lost soul.

By and by the poor man grasped the strong hands. It was the third day when the poor, tired soul turned from everything to Him, the Mighty to save, "the Man who died for me."

He lived on for weeks as if God would show how real was the change. I had been telling him one day about a meeting, and he said, "I'd like to go to a meetin' oncce. I never went to one of them things."

So we planned a meeting, and the boys came from the mills and the mines and filled the room.

"Now, boys," said he, "get down on your knees while she tells 'bout that Man that died for me."

I found myself talking, and tried to tell

## The Simple Story of the Cross.

After a while he said, "O boys, you don't half believe it or you'd cry; you couldn't help it. Boys, raise me up; I'd like to tell it once."

So they raised him up, and between his short breathing and coughing, he told the story. He had to use the language he knew.

"Boys," he said, "you know how the water runs down the sluice boxes and carries off all the dirt and leaves the gold behind. Well, the blood of that Man she tells about went right over me just like that; it carried off 'bout everything. But it left enough for me to see Mamie, and to see the Man that died for me. O boys, can't you love Him?"

Some days after there came a look into his face that told the end had come. I had to leave him, and said, "What shall I say to-night, Jack?"

"Just 'Good-night,'" he said.

"What will you say to me when we meet again?"

"I will say, 'Good-morning' up there."

The next morning the door was closed, and I found two of the boys sitting silently by a board stretched across two stools. They turned back the sheet from the dead and I looked on the face, which seemed to have come back nearer to the "image of God."

"I wish you could see him when he went," they said.

"Tell me about it."

"Well, all at once he brightened up 'bout midnight, an' smilin' said, 'I'm goin', boys. Tell her I'm goin' to see Mamie. Tell her I'm goin' to see the Man that died for me, an' he was gone.'"

Four of the crew of the French fishing vessel Celeste, which went ashore on the Newfoundland coast, were drowned.

## Of Interest to Bandsmen.



### ESSENTIALS IN THE S. A. BANDSMAN.

#### IV.—Thoroughness.

"Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might," holds good in the matter of music, as in most things else. It seems to be more generally appreciated by performers



Deputy-Bandmaster Pattenden,  
Lippincott Street Corps.

on brass instruments than the general run of musicians, at least in its apparent or ordinarily accepted sense. In very truth these doughty operators of the pistons and slides—especially the latter—do their business with their might in a huge majority of cases. But I read the words, "with thy might," as meaning, in this particular in-

stance, "to the best of your ability," which commits you to give your best attention to the details which go to make the performance of your part of the general combination as perfect as is possible. The best that is in you only will suffice in this case, so give it.

Music, if it is worth anything to you, and is to give any pleasure to your listeners, demands thoroughness in every detail. By being impartially thorough you will not give undue prominence to a forte passage to the exclusion of some one else, and if you have a fancy part, say baritone or euphonium, you will so thoroughly practice it that it shall slide into the combination of parts almost unnoticed, and only its effect shall be felt in conjunction with the whole. If, however, you get a swelled head, because you see your copy representing a crowd of sparrows on a wire fence, and assume that you have the only part that counts, you become a nuisance, and an intolerable nuisance, for in that condition there is no room for you in the band, and this disease, for such it might be easily termed, is contagious.

If the baritone catches it, and when he has top B to play literally screeches it out till it becomes difficult to give it a name, the next thing we know the euphonium is down with the fell disease, speedily followed by the solo horn, and soon the whole bunch is in the throes of this distemper. All for want of a thorough grasp of the relative position of each part to the complete thing.

Now, thoroughness, or a tackling of the question "with your might," or "to the best of your ability," is absolutely indispensable in the matter of practice from the moment you attempt the first scale until you lay down the earthly piece of brass to take up the heavenly harp, if you are to satisfy yourself, your bandmaster—aye, and your God. He would have you either hot or cold—a thorough stickler-at-it or leave the whole business alone.

If you are to make a success of life in any sphere, stickability and thoroughness in every detail are essential, and the beautiful art of music is no exception. If the interests of the Kingdom of God have any weight with you, and the urgent need of bright, attractive music, of the best standard, as a means of fastening the curiosity, interest, and finally the affection of the poor sinner to the Christ of the cross, any response within you, it deserves thorough, whole-hearted, self-sacrificing application, for Christ's sake and for the sake of those perishing in sin's darkness.

Could you enjoy yourself somewhere else on a practice night? Resolutely turn your back on it and do your duty. Is it better to wait till 8.30, as not till then does practice

begin, because a number fail to put in an appearance till then, whereas the practice hour is eight? Come yourself on time, and encourage the bandmaster by your promptness, while you stimulate your comrades to follow your example. At the same time grasp the fact that every second of practice time is most valuable—in fact, is invaluable.

You really cannot give this matter of utilizing of practice time to the full too much prominence. Grasp it yourself and instil it into your fellows to the fullest extent. Oh the smile of happy content it would bring to the face of the poor bandmaster if, prompt at the hour announced, every man and boy was in his place waiting the commencement of the practice. Be thorough in your consecration to the business of soul-saving, to the smallest detail.

Now, as space is limited, I really must close, but I hope to continue the subject in other of its aspects next week. In the meantime endeavor to find out the various ways in which you may be thorough in your devotion to your God and the interests of His Kingdom, and having found them, don't fail to carry them out to the very letter.—Geetrom, T.H.Q.

#### NEWS ITEMS.

A saxophone trio is the latest move in the Temple Band, composed of Staff-Capt. Atwell, Adj. Morris, and Bandsman C. Sparks. The music produced is very pleasing.

The cares of life press heavily upon Major Creighton, who is ever on the lookout for new bandsmen. Be it remembered, however, that new bandsmen need extra instruments, extra music, extra attention in one hundred ways, which others beside the indefatigable Major know something about; hence the Lippincott Bandmaster is busy as busy can be.

The monster B bass has arrived from the S. A. factory for the Lisgar St. Band, and that body is delighted. An unusual smile played on the face of Bandmaster Hart as he called at Headquarters to carry off the prize.

The latest addition to the Lippincott Band is a cornet-player hailing from South Africa, who, with amazing ease, can reach top G, and higher, as though his cornet were a tin whistle.

The Glace Bay Band is going to St. John, N.B., to be present at the Commissioner's farewell meetings.

The Temple Band goes to St. Catharines on Oct. 8th, for the week-end.

A well-known officer in his own country is Adj. Abrahamson, of Sweden, who was in London during the International Congress. Practically every Swedish bandsman is directly or indirectly indebted to Adj. Abrahamson, for that officer has trained more Army musicians than any other Salvationist in that country, and he is regarded as an authority on everything connected with bands and music.

New instruments were presented to the Springfield (Glasgow) band on a recent Saturday evening. The presentation was made by Mr. A. Mitchell, manager of the Hyde Park Locomotive Works, who congratulated the bandsmen on their new acquisition, and expressed in very kind language the desire that the corps might go on and prosper in the good work it is doing in the cause of God and sin-stricken humanity.

His first time at the band practice. "I say, what's that writing in front of that chap who wags the stick for?" Six months later he knew it all and couldn't be told anything.

Three men of the Naval Artillery were recently sworn-in as soldiers at Gibraltar.

## What a Soldier Should Know About His Duties and Privileges, and the Teachings of the Salvation Army.

### Constitution and Work of a Corps.

A corps consists of the soldiers who have agreed to the Articles of War and whose names are on the Soldiers' Roll, and who meet together in one particular building.

Each corps is under the control of the commanding officer, who has generally one Lieutenant, sometimes more.

Each corps has also, when fully constituted, the following local officers—Treasurer, Secretary, Sergeant-Major, Recruiting Sergeant, Publication Sergeant-Major, Ward Publishers, Envoys, Bandmaster, Band Sergeant, Sergeants of Wards or Companies, Color-Sergeant, Bandsmen, together with Junior Soldiers' Sergeant-Major, Sergeants, and other similar officers.

The duties of each local officer are explained in the order-books especially prepared for them, and each one, before appointment, signs a bond in which he engages to be a model of good conduct, uniform-wearing, and devotion to the war. None of these are at liberty to use tobacco or to attend services not connected with their own corps without the permission of their C. O. They are appointed for twelve months.

Local officers are to carry out the duties of their position according to the directions of the commanding officers, who have no power to remove them from office, and against whose management they can appeal, if they think proper, to the Divisional Officer.

The account-books of the corps are kept by the Treasurer and Secretary. The roll-book, in which the names of the soldiers are entered, the Ex-Soldiers' Roll, in which the names of those removed from the roll are entered, the Ex-Soldiers' Roll, in which the names of the soldiers and recruits are entered, are kept by the Secretary.

Weekly returns, stating all particulars as to the work done, the converts gathered, and the money received and spent by each corps, are made by the C. O., and countersigned by the Treasurer and Secretary. A weekly return has also to be made by the Treasurer, Secretary, and Sergeant-Major.

### SOUSA AND THE SCOTCHMAN.

A story which should have a personal interest for many of our own composers is being told of Sousa, "the March King," as related by himself. When he was a boy in Washington he knew an old Scotch musician, to whom he used to submit his compositions. One afternoon the young musician played over a waltz which he had just completed, and anxiously awaited the looked-for praise of his audience. The old man was silent and thought for a time. At last he apologized for his silence, and explained that the music had carried him back to memories of his old home across the sea. Sousa blushed with satisfaction. "It carries me back," said the old man, "to a day when I played at an entertainment in a Scottish lunatic asylum. My instrument was the fiddle, and after I had ended my fiddle solo the head of the institution said to an aged lunatic on the front row: 'Well, Saunders, how d'you like that, man?' Saunders answered, frowning at me, 'It's a guid thing we're a' daft here.'"

Men don't play the fool in anything except religion. You are on the right road when you simply, and the best way you can, receive the Lord Jesus Christ. Take it for granted you are saved, because of God's great love in Jesus Christ, and work right on. God says, "Come on, My child." And when I have His hand then I can rejoice, then I can dance, then I can sing.—Mark Guy Pearse.





## THE HATED MOSQUITO.

The mosquito is wonderfully interesting, yet the person who has never seen or heard one is a fortunate person. Usually we have to hunt for the natural history specimens we want to study; the mosquito hunts us. We are all elements for the mosquito. They enjoy us, too. It would be interesting to know what they say about us. They no doubt have opinions of their own about thick-skinned and thin-skinned people, and know the daintiest delicacies in ears and ankles. They must have thrilling stories to tell of their narrow escapes from whacks, wet towels, pillows, and the dreadful soundings that follow them.

Just what use the mosquito is has not yet been discovered; but that it is of some great use, and that it takes its place in the perfect plan of Nature, there can be no doubt. Everything under the sun has its use. Because a thing does not seem to be of any use to us is no reason at all that it is good for nothing. It is well to learn early in life that while we make use of everything we can, there are a great many minute forms of animal life which make use of us, and are our masters.

The life history of the mosquito is quite a story. Early in the spring, depending upon how warm it is, the female mosquito flies from the sheltered place in which she has slept all through the winter, to some dead water pool or marsh, or barrel of rainwater, and lays from two hundred to four hundred eggs. These are set on end and stuck together in a saucer-shaped mass which floats on the water's surface. In about sixteen days the eggs hatch. The little wigglers (larvae) have jointed bodies, big heads, and many bristles about their mouth, which move quickly and catch the tiny microbes which live in still water that is not very fresh. These they feed to the mouths of the larvae. Though the larvae live in water, they have to come to the top to breathe. They are heavier than water; they have to wiggle hard to rise for breath. The weak and sickly drown because they cannot rise for air. After growing for seven or eight days, and changing three times, they become pupae, odd-looking wigglers, with big bodies, and jerky, jointed tails. They are now lighter than water. They have to swim hard to get to the bottom. When they stop swimming they slowly rise to the top. If oil is poured on the water, it spreads over the entire surface in a thin layer or film. As neither the larvae nor pupae can get air through the oil, they drown under it. A little coal oil poured into all pools, rainwater barrels, puddles every week, will kill nearly all the young mosquitoes.

In two days the full grown mosquito bursts from its pupa, covering and comes out with six legs, one pair of wings, and a long neck, or proboscis through which it feeds. The female mosquito does all the biting. The male is easily told from the female by the feathery antennae, or feelers, alongside of its shorter beak. The female has short hairs on her antennae. If one does not care to examine carefully these mosquitoes which light to find out which is Mr. and which is Mrs., the Mrs. will soon tell on herself by planting her legs firmly by her hook-toothed feet, and sucking her back through the skin, and getting one frantic by the thrust.

As each female lays from two to four hundred eggs, and there are from ten to twelve generations a year, the millions upon millions of mosquitoes are easily accounted for.

I have seen vast armies of them, so thick that I could not open my mouth without their entering. The bite of a mosquito is poisonous.

Farmers living in Vermont and New Hampshire have told me that calves were often killed by them there.

Not more than one mosquito in a million gets a chance to feed upon the blood of an animal. Mos-

quitoes are vegetarians. Why they ever drink blood is not known. They are fond of bananas and other fruits. I have seen them in great numbers feeding on the stocks of the red clover.

It takes a very small pool to give birth to a large number of mosquitoes. One rainwater barrel will yield more than enough to satisfy a village. The water in one barrel was filtered and found to contain 17,359 eggs, larvae, and pupae. A month later the same barrel yielded another crop of 18,110. This number multiplied by ten furnishes quite enough mosquitoes to go around.

Because hedges, trees, bushes, shelter many mosquitoes, persons think they breed in them. This is not the case. So far as is known, they breed only in water.

About two hundred and fifty species of mosquitoes are known. Of these, thirty have been found in the United States.

While mosquitoes are known to carry disease germs from one person to another, and from unhealthy places to persons, it is possible that they may carry preventatives of disease. They do destroy countless microbes in stagnant water and may thus prevent disease. We can rest assured that (speaking mean as they are) they are for some good. —Chas. McIlvaine, in S. S. Times.

## OLD AND NEW METHODS.

### I.—Knitting.

The knitting-needle was our grandmother's badge of servitude. Wherever she went a set went with her, and scarcely was she seated before the bright steels began to flash under her swift fingers. She wound her yarn from the back of a chair, or from grandfather's hands when he came courting, and took from twenty to forty hours of her busy life to knit a pair of stockings. To-day the work is done in the factory, and fifty people taking the materials



through half as many processes turn out thirty-five hundred pairs of stockings in a day. Nine minutes of one person's labor completes a pair, which is two hundred and fifty times as fast as with the knitting needles.

And it is in cotton. In woolen, the yarn is coarse, the hand-work is proportionately more rapid. Simply to keep the average family in socks and stockings for a year used to take the constant toll of one woman fifteen hours a day for a month. Think of the emancipation to woman's fingers where one person, with modern machinery, can do as much in a few hours.

And this saving is in knitting only. To card and spin the cotton and wool for the family foot-wear took a week additional under the hand method, against less than two hours by modern process. In the old days two "runs" or forty "knots" of woolen yarn were counted a day's work for a good spinner. One person with the McJern spinning-machine will spin off the same amount in ten minutes. The wool was combed out from the fleece and shaped with hand cards into long rolls for spinning. The modern carding-machine prepares fifty to a hundred times as much with the same work. The saving in carding of cotton is even more marked. One person to-day can tend as many as twenty-five machines, and under the most favorable conditions will do twenty-five hundred times as much as with the old hand cards.—Geo. B. Waldron.

### JAPANESE CHRISTIANS.

It is some thirty years since the Japanese Government rescinded the law forbidding the punishing conversion to Christianity. In that short time, Christianity has prospered in Japan. Two years ago, there were about 180,000 Japanese Christians, of whom 85,824 were Catholics, 46,034 Protestants, and 26,880 Orphans. In the case of the Protestants, at least the children are not included in these figures. It is estimated that there must be 200,000 or more Christians in the Empire—200,000 out of forty-four or forty-five million, a little leaven in a great lump. Still, the work is young yet and does not extend beyond the great cities. Nor are numbers alone to be considered. Thirteen out of 300 Members of Parliament, the admiral who won

the first victory over Russia, the commanders of the two greatest ships of war, 155 officers of the army, the editors of three "great metropolitan dailies" of Tokio, many of the professors and students of the universities are Christians. It would be to consider too curiously to enquire how many of these distinguished converts are influenced rather by opportunism than by serious religious motives. It is known that some of them argue thus: "The most powerful nations in the world are Christians. Therefore Japan should become (Christian as a means of becoming powerful)." A deeply practical people.

### EASIER TO SCATTER THAN GATHER.

The story is told of a western woman who freely used her tongue to the scandal of others, and made a confession to the priest of what she had done. He gave her a ripe thistle top, and told her to go about in various directions and scatter the seeds one by one. Wondering at the penance, she obeyed, then returned and told her confessor. To her amazement he bade her go back and gather the scattered seeds; and then, when she objected, that it was impossible, he replied that it would be still more difficult to gather up and destroy all the evil reports which had circulated about others.

### WORTH KNOWING.

Although the sea covers three-fourths of the earth's surface, it does not provide in the same proportion for man's wants. Only 3 per cent of the people in the world gain their living directly from the sea.

Colorado exhibits potatoes at the World's Fair of monstrous proportions. The Commission has 500 tubers that aggregate a ton in weight. The heaviest weighs 10 pounds and the lightest one 3 1/2 pounds.

Coal constituted nearly 40 per cent. of the total tonnage of American railways last year. It cost \$1.87 to carry a ton from Yorkshire coal fields, in England, to London, a distance of 155 miles, while coal is brought from the Carbonade coal region in Illinois to Chicago, 276 miles, for 75 cents a ton.

Egypt and Argentina are busily developing their facilities for producing corn and cotton. Egypt is building a dam to increase her cotton area, hoping to supply, in time, the English demand. Argentina's specialty is corn. Neither country has the acreage, population, energy, or capital to make it a serious competitor of the present great cotton and corn-growing country—the United States.

Kansas harvests more wheat than any other State in the Union. In its wheat belt of thirty counties not one county raises less than 1,000,000 bushels. Sumner County has a record of 8,812,102 bushels.

Most of the black hair used in wigs and "switches" comes from the convents of Italy and Spain, while the fair and red hair comes mainly from the heads of Russian, Swedish, German, and Danish peasant girls.

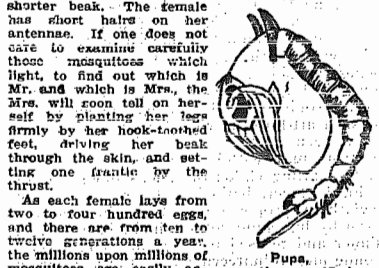
During the summer large numbers of women come from Poland, Silesia, and Galacia to Central Germany to work in the sugar-beet fields. They are driven in gangs by a male overseer and receive 35 cents a day and board.

The Emperor of Japan comes from an old family. He is the one hundred and twenty-second sovereign of his line, and the crown he wears has descended to him, without interruption, from father to son, since about 666 B.C.

It is calculated that the number of timber sleepers on the railways of the world does not fall far short of 1,495,000,000, and a low estimate of their value is \$500,000,000. This alone constitutes a serious drain on the timber supplies of the world.

The standing armies of the world, and its navies, aggregate 9,300,000 men. Chinese soldiers get \$1 per month and board themselves. Between 1791 and 1815 France raised armies that numbered 4,556,000 men, three-fourths of whom were killed or died of wounds and diseases contracted in the field.

The cheapest postal service in the world is that of Japan, where letters are conveyed all over the Empire for two sen—about one and a half cents. This is the more wonderful considering the difficulties of transport over a mountainous and irregular country which has less than one hundred miles of railway, while wagons can only pass over a few of the chief roads and the steamers connect but a small number of coast stations.



Pupa, greatly magnified.

# WAR CRY

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## Editorial.

### INTERNATIONAL CHANGES.

The changes in Territorial Officers, which were decided upon in connection with the International Congress, have now been announced to include, besides our own beloved leader, the following Commissioners: Commissioner Colombs, in charge of the United Kingdom since June 1st, 1896; Commander Booth-Tucker, of the U.S.A. field, in charge there since April 2nd, 1896; Commissioners Booth-Hellberg, of Switzerland, for nearly seven years in that command (this change is due to the unsatisfactory health of Commissioner Booth-Hellberg, which requires him to take an extended furlough); Colonel Richards, in command of Denmark since Nov. 24th, 1898; Commissioner Kilbey, of South Africa, where he arrived a few months before the late Boer War; Commissioner Rees, of the International Training Homes, in which position he has been since June 1896; and Commissioner Howard, the Foreign Secretary of the Army since March 1896.

As to the officers appointed to succeed these officers we are not in a position to make any announcements, but hope to have something to say in the near future. There is no doubt, however, that the General is giving his most deliberate consideration to it, and that God will guide him as to the best disposition of these leaders in His great battlefield. The changes are far-reaching and touch us in a very tender spot, but we are soldiers who have unbounded confidence in God and the General. Whoever may be our future leader we mean to march onward to the conquest of souls in this large and growing Territory.

### LIPPINCOTT ST. ENLIVENED.

(Special.)

Sunday was a very special day at Lippincott St., the meetings for the day being in the hands of Lieut.-Colonel Pugmire, the new Provincial Officer (pro tem), and it was the verdict of all that the meetings were of the highest order all day. The congregations were excellent and much above the average, while the open-air and marches were A. 1, and led on by a magnificent band of about forty strong, caused no small stir in the neighborhood. The Colonel was ably assisted by his Chancellor, Staff-Capt. Cass, also Staff-Capt. Manton, the veteran Salvationist. At night we were favored with the presence of Brigadier Archibald and Brother Colley, of Montreal I. There were seven surrenders for the day, while the offerings amounted to \$26. To-night (Monday) the city corps will be united and a service of song will be rendered, entitled, "Lost and Found." A great time is anticipated.

Brigadier Archibald, assisted by the Jones Sisters, conducted a meeting in the Central Prison on Sunday afternoon, when sixty men held up their hands for prayer.

# "Au Revoir, Commissioner!"

MONTREAL'S GREAT SERIES OF MEETINGS — THE MAGNIFICENT WINDSOR HALL GORGED THREE TIMES — THE COMMISSIONER'S ADDRESSES SOUL-STIRRING — APPRECIATIONS BY DISTINGUISHED MEN OF MONTREAL.

**RASH!** The window pane splits from top to bottom and falls headlong. The horses plunge and rear. The night is like pitch, save where a dazzling flash makes it glow with crimson light. It is more like a tropical storm. The car system is paralyzed, and even every dog is indoors. Such weather as this is not for the Commissioner to face, and we plead for delay. "Not a minute—the train—Montreal—never forgive myself," is all we catch of her reply amid the deafening elements. Then a halt had to be called. Someone—better nameless—had forgotten the Commissioner's Bible. Can we proceed without the weapon with which she has put so many armics to flight? Never! Then begins an almost hopeless effort to tell the cabman we want to stop. The thunder really stupefies one. The whirling downpour, and laboring horses drown all voices. At last our hammering—we are happily oblivious as to which part of our Jehu's anatomy is hit—is heard. We pull up, the forgotten is found, and with the Commission-

Canadian Metropolis. Out of the perpetual motion of its commerce, the busy plane of its professional life, with the distinction of citizens of highest society, and the affection of those who could boast of none, tens of thousands have combined to do her welcome, thronging her meetings, listening to her eloquent appeals, and participating generally in those blessings which her visits have come to stand for. The past week-end, as finale and farewell will not mar the brilliant memory of its predecessors.

We have seen the Windsor Hall decorated with brilliant bunting for Canada's contribution of men for the Front; we have seen it gay, with the variety of Indian blanket, Bermuda linen, and Klondike fur included in our contingent for the Congress; now we see it decorated with a single motto that stretches its white and red across the entire breadth: "Au Revoir, Beloved Commissioner." A preceptible shiver passes through many as they read the words. One lady catches her breath and gasps, "Oh, to think that she must go!"

"Commissioner, what do you think of your Montreal songsters?"

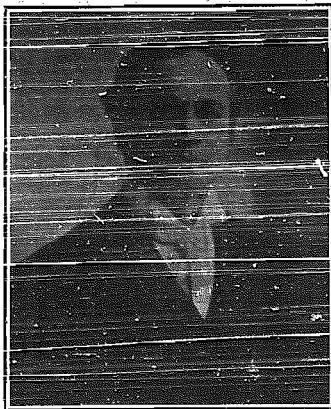
Colonel Pugmire's face is beaming, and no wonder, for the whole vast crowd (the building is packed from floor to ceiling) has found voice. Little Pearl has just sung a salvation song, beautiful in its simplicity, and now the chorus is caught up with a volume that makes the Windsor Hall ring: "Let Jesus come into your heart." The refrain seems the very burden of the meeting. Our souls are lit as we look on those upturned faces voicing, so many of them, their own invitation to salvation.

The Commissioner excels herself. "Has she reserved for us the best wine till last?" says one hearer. Certainly those who have heard her most cannot remember her eloquence more manifestly inspired—her words more weighted with spiritual insight which carries them to a sure place in the hearts of those before her. "I can never forget her description of the procession of the redeemed—it will be a memory for all life, inspiration for all eternity,"—this from a military officer. "Very gifted and remarkable,"—this from a journalist. "While she spoke it seemed as if we were right in sight of heaven,"—this from a Salvationist.

### Twenty Souls for the Day.

The prayer meetings, they were breathless battles. The Commissioner's armor-bearers led in a herculean fashion; the Montreal band, which is making good progress, proved they can pray as well as play; the Commissioner, forgetting the fatigue of her marvelous addresses, did some fishing of a fine order; Staff-Capt. Manton (introduced by the Commissioner as the Army's Canadian Pupa, being the oldest Salvationist in the Dominion) shed glory everywhere. The results: twenty souls for the day, including some of the most heart-broken, wretched, promising, cases it has been our lot to witness for a long time. A strong man, with heart melted by the death of his darling child; the backslidden wife of a local officer, bathed in tears; a man of leviathan proportions led to the penitent form by his chum, although the latter was a sinner and refused to kneel himself; several young men volunteering almost at a run from the back of the hall. These are but a sample of the miracles God wrought.

The sorrow over their impending loss kept both officers and people on the brink of the fountain of tears all through the day, but our heroic Commissioner, mastering her own emotions, sought to detract their attention from herself onto the great object for which



Rev. Hugh Pedley.

er's injunction, "Make haste," we dash off again.

Out of the blaze of lightning that thrust forked tongues of danger within and without; out of the blast of wind that threatened to confiscate every cap and batter every umbrella; out of rain that swept the streets like the warrant of a press-gang, and reduced the lower strata of the Union Station to a dismal pond, we left Toronto.

Colonel Pugmire shaking the raindrops out of his hair, but not the twinkle out of his eye; Brigadier Howell having one of his confidential words with the C.P.R. official down to do honor to the Commissioner's departure; Major Stanton eyeing with rueful mirth the spatter on his new cap, and Staff-Captain Manton with a face whose noon-day shining no weather can cloud, were our fellow-passengers.

Such the prelude. With the prevalence of Equinoctial disturbances we could not and did not expect fair skies in Montreal. Hence the mud on Brigadier Turner's boots, and the suspicious damp of his usually immaculate waterproof did not melt our good spirits. However much they like dry feet and warm covering, Montreal people like the Commissioner a great deal more, and would not miss their last sight of her for the sake of keeping their umbrellas rolled up. Nor did they.

### A Warm Welcome.

Many and important have been the meetings conducted by the Commissioner in the



all her efforts amongst Salvationists and public during the past eight years have been directed—with what glorious recompense we have already seen.

### The Final.

Monday night's final farewell was an outburst of personal regret, hearty appreciation, and loyal assurance such as it is hard to portray. From the crowd of notables on the platform, each wearing on his black coat the little red badge, "Adieu, Beloved Commissioner," through the thickly packed lines of elite and all sorts, down to the last man who kept the door, the Commissioner received such a God-speed as she told us will live in her memory forever.

R. Wilson Smith, Esq., ex-Mayor of Montreal, was in the chair. "I feel very glad of this privilege," he said, "of presiding at the farewell of this lady who has labored you all know how faithfully in the interests of humanity in our country the past eight years. Most of you are familiar with the work organized by that world-renowned philanthropist, General Booth. No movement of modern time has been more misunderstood, more harassed, and more triumphant. The more remarkable indication of the glowing interest and sympathy towards the Army was the reception recently accorded to the General by their Majesties. There is no rivalry between the Army and the churches. The Army is perhaps the least exclusive of all organizations, which speaks volumes for its spirit. There is nothing that people in general are more conservative over than their religion, and I have noticed that the less religion people have the more jealous they seem of any innovations in it. I attribute the success of the Salvation Army to the self-sacrifice of its people, and their sympathy with the classes for whom they especially labor, in whose benefiting they have shown such a remarkable capacity. It is a work which needs special gifts, special methods, special freedom from conventional practices and formalities—and they have manifested they possess these requirements. As a business man, I cannot but admire how very smoothly runs the machinery of this vast organization. Concerning the speaker whom I am honored to introduce to-night, I can but say that Miss Booth's departure will be a great loss to the Army, and as great a one to Canada, for her work and personality has won the confidence and affection of its people."

At this juncture Brigadier Turner was called on to read a farewell address, which

own people. Your addresses from time to time still live in our memories; your zeal, and desire for the promotion of this glorious work is well known to us, and it is with a great deal of sorrow we say farewell to-night.

We shall follow your future with much interest, and shall sincerely pray that no matter what part of the world you may go, God will give you the hearts of the people, as He has done in this country. You may depend on us continuing to the best of our ability to push the glorious work of helping men and women to repentance. We purpose being faithful to our calling, and will go ahead in the future as in the past to spread the great tidings of salvation. You may assure your successors they will find in the soldiers and officers of Montreal, while not as large numerically as in other sections of the country, no



Rev. T. Osborne Troop, M.A.

more loyal or devoted hearts than in this city. We wish you God-speed in your work, and trust your strength of body may be such as will enable you to meet the ever pressing demands of the work.

Signed on behalf of the Officers and Soldiers of Montreal,

W. J. Barnard Turner.

An apt farewell song, composed and sung by Colonel Pugmire, prefaced the Commissioner's address, which was a masterpiece of information and inspiration. In her hands the glorious record of the past eight years glowed with life and color. Every telling statistic illuminated with thrilling incidents. Unting, as only the Commissioner can, smiles and tears, Montreal will remember her as they have known her equally at home, with the powers of humor and pathos for pressing important points home. And every note kept harmony with the key which the opening song struck, "All hail the power of Jesus' name."

### Appreciations by Ministers.

Out of the galaxy of ministerial lights which Brigadier Turner had gathered on the platform, we must include some extracts of the hearty words of appreciation they voiced.

Rev. Dr. Johnson (Presbyterian): "I join with rejoicing with the Army over this splendid record of sacrificial service and splendid achievement. I have always counted it an honor to stand side by side with my fellow-soldiers of our blessed Lord, whether that platform has been graced, as to-night, by the presence of its illustrious Commissioner, or whether it has been the smallest and humblest of the Army's local outposts. I am firmly convinced that in some aspects the Salvation Army is living more closely and following more fully the ideal of Christianity than any other people in their faith in Christ, their manifestation of the Spirit, and their loyalty to the saving power of the cross. It was a great day for Moses when he came out from Pharaoh's house and looked upon his brethren groaning under the yoke of Egypt, and saw under their submerged condition the future of their uplifting; and it was a great day for England—nay, for the world—when a man in a dull and dingy neighborhood went out to Mile End Waste and saw in the haggard faces

of his fellow-creatures the vision of what God could help him do for their redemption, body and soul. When the history of this century is written among the names of the twenty greatest men will stand high and clear the name of General Booth. I know not that I could name the other nineteen." Here Mr. Johnson gave some reminiscences of his personal acquaintance with the General. When the General met him first at Lindsay he asked how long he had been in the city, and on being told five years told him, "Your work is done here; get out." The same thing occurred at London, and now he had come to Montreal. The reverend gentleman wondered if it was time for the General to come round again. "He always moves me on to harder work." Then the speaker gave what he esteems the epitome of Miss Booth's life and work. It was a little incident of the Commissioner's experience in the Police Courts of England, when she had, by a kiss on the brow of a degraded and unfortunate woman, broke the first link of her slavery. Said Dr. Johnson, "The woman whose soul is sweet enough, and pure enough, and large enough to do that—that woman is a queen, whether she wear an Army bonnet or a royal diadem."

Rev. Osborne Troop (Anglican) prefaced his remarks with the pregnant sentence, "Christianity stands for co-operation, and not for competition. Because of this we want to say a loving word to our fellow-soldiers in the Army. Now is their day of real testing. The hour of persecution is gone—roses take the place of stones. There is no greater danger to the spirituality of any people than their hour of victory, but so long as you are animated by the spirit which has breathed here to-night, and your heart is controlled by loyalty to the Captain of your salvation for you there is no fear, and you shall go on from strength to strength, and from victory to victory. With all tenderness we commend our honored sister to the eternal God who is her refuge. 'My presence shall go with thee.' Here the clergyman turned to the Commissioner and, with uplifted hands, committed her to the keeping of Heaven in words of the Psalmist.

The Rev. Hugh Pedley said: "That was a magnificent prayer of Dr. Livingstone's when he looked up to God and said, 'May the riches of God bless all those who are helping to heal the open sore of Africa.' I can but say, 'God's riches bless all those who, like the Salvation Army, are helping to heal the open sore of the world.'" Graphically the speaker told of his visit to London in '91, when he stood opposite the great Handel Orchestra of the Crystal Palace, thronged by 4,000 bandmen of the Salvation Army, and



Rev. Dr. Griffith.

how lips went to trumpet, and bow to string, and hand on drumstick, when, at the appearance of one "good, grey head the whole thing went off." But the thing which impressed him most had been a half-drunk woman on the outskirts of the crowd, with a babe in her arms, beating time to the music, and

(Continued on page 12.)



Rev. Mr. Johnson.

a member of the French corps had beautifully illuminated.

### Farewell Address

From the Officers and Soldiers of Montreal to Field Commissioner Miss Booth:

Beloved Commissioner,—

On this the occasion of your farewell to our city, we cannot let the privilege go by without putting on record the appreciation of the services you have rendered the Salvation Army in this country, and more particularly the branch of work located in Montreal, during the past eight years of your sojourn with us.

Your visits have always been an inspiration, not only to the public, but also to your



## NEWFOUNDLAND NEWS.

St. John's I.—Since last report God has been with us. On Thursday night six were enrolled and took their stand 'neath the yellow, red, and blue. On Sunday three came forward and were pointed to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world. He pardoned their sins, and they went on their way rejoicing. God is for us and with us. We are believing and working for greater victories.—N. E. S.

Dildo.—We are again able to report victory. God's Spirit has indeed spoken to the hearts of the people. A number are deeply convicted. We are believing the way. We have had some splendid times since the last time you heard from us. The first thing that interested the people was the meetings on Saturday night, which was called "The Ten Virgins"; five of them were wise and five were foolish. We had what you may call a beautiful time. It was a grand sight to see the sisters dressed in white and their little lamps in their hands walking around the barracks. We cannot forget our Sunday meetings; all day we had blessed times, indeed, to our souls. We had what you might call a flying visit on Saturday from our P. O. Brigadier Smetton, from St. John's, but he didn't stop very long. He went away the same day he came, but we are believing that he will be with us in the near future with something special.—Corps-Cadet Hicks.

### The Ten Virgins.

TH. Cove.—We are very glad to say that we are still marching along with the news of the Gospel, preaching Christ and Him crucified as we go along the way. We have had some splendid times since the last time you heard from us. The first thing that interested the people was the meetings on Saturday night, which was called "The Ten Virgins"; five of them were wise and five were foolish. We had what you may call a beautiful time. It was a grand sight to see the sisters dressed in white and their little lamps in their hands walking around the barracks. We cannot forget our Sunday meetings; all day we had blessed times, indeed, to our souls. We had what you might call a flying visit on Saturday from our P. O. Brigadier Smetton, from St. John's, but he didn't stop very long. He went away the same day he came, but we are believing that he will be with us in the near future with something special.—Corps-Cadet Hicks.

### A Hot Time.

Dildo, Nfld.—God is giving us victory by our souls, and is crowning our labors with abundant success. Although our crowds are small during the week, on Sunday a good crowd turns out, and the soldiers are in good fighting order. Sunday last was a blessed day, from early morn till we closed at night. Five backsliders returned to the fold. The comrades here believe in making it hot for the Devil (if he deserves a capital letter). There is no mistake that Sunday night was a hot time. Many more were deeply convicted. We are believing for a smash. To God be all the glory.—A. and Jay.

### A Child Led Four Others.

Dildo, Nfld.—We are again able to report victory. Sunday night we had the joy of seeing five precious souls seeking Christ. Truly the word was fulfilled in that "A little child shall lead them." A little girl, only thirteen years old, led the way, followed by four others. It was a glorious time. Our faith is "singing." "Excelsior" our motto.—Kip and Gle.



Adj. and Mrs. Sparks, Blaketown, Nfld.—We can praise God for victory. Sunday, Sept. 18th was a day of blessing and power. God was with us, and at night as we sang "Coming home," one young man came to the mercy seat. Shortly after a sister followed him, and we had a blessed time. God was according to His promise, and they arose to their feet rejoicing over their sins being forgiven.—Aggie Summers, Capt.

## EASTERN PROVINCE NEWS.

Charlottetown.—We have had a good week-end, and results have not been lacking. Knee-drill saw two out for reconsecration; holiness meeting three more, and in the afternoon one soul came out for pardon. To these dear comrades I give John xix. 1-7. Heart's Hall was annulled by the singing and Lent. Wylie, whom we have just welcomed to assist Ensign Laws.—H.

### A Good Week-End.

Sussex, N.B.—Mrs. Major Phillips and Captain Urquhart were at Sussex Saturday and all day Sunday, Sept. 18th. So well were the meetings advertised that everybody knew of the specials, and on Saturday evening, as the drum gave the signal, a large crowd gathered. No sooner had Capt. Urquhart, set through his music and Gospel singing the clear voice of Mrs. Major Phillips made the evening air ring with the old, old story of Jesus and His love. The eager crowd listened with breathless attention. At the close of the open-air meeting a

large crowd, among them a number of King Edward's soldiers, who are here making repairs on the military grounds, followed to the barracks, where they soon filled every seat. Officers and soldiers were filled with the Holy Spirit. After the opening exercises Capt. Urquhart's violin was again brought into requisition. Mrs. Phillips called upon the local heroes to bombard the congregation with testimony of God's saving and keeping power. Mrs. Phillips then called upon her little eight-year-old daughter, Lillie, to show the truth of Christ's word, "A little child shall lead them." She asked Lillie to sing a solo, and in response she sang, "This is why I love Him." As she sang the last words you could hear a pin drop. While silence was in order Mrs. Phillips rose and opened God's storehouse at the 2nd chapter of Revelation and 20th verse, on which she spoke at some length. Her earnest, straight talk sent home conviction to every heart, and while none came forward to the penitent form we are sure the seed has been sown and will not return unto Him void. Sunday morning, at 7 o'clock, found the officers, specials, and soldiers preparing for the day's battle. Holiness meeting at 11 found a large crowd present. At the close of this meeting there were many eyes dim with tears. A large crowd came at night, so that it was hard to obtain a seat. After song, prayer, testimony, and a solo by Lillie, Capt. Urquhart gave a half-hour talk on the trip of the Canadian Contingent to the great meetings in London.—F. W. Wallace.

### A Successful Harvest Festival.

Summerside.—Since last report we have had good meetings. We had our H. F. sale on Friday night. Sergt.-Major Muttart, officiated as auctioneer, and did it in first-class style. Everything was sold, realizing about \$20. The week-end meetings were times of power. Sunday afternoon Ensign McLean, who is on furlough, sang a solo, "Come back again, your place is vacant still." Sunday night Brother McKay, one of the leading merchants of Summerside, gave us a very interesting talk in the prayer meeting. Two souls decided for Christ. We give God the glory and march on.—Lieut. Jack E.

### Visit of Colonel and Mrs. Sharp.

Summerside.—A very appreciative crowd listened to the Colonel's spicy talk. Mrs. Sharp also gave us a short address. Capt. Riley's singing and playing was much appreciated. Ensign Leadley, G. B. M. A. gave us with us for the week-end. His attraction lecture, entitled, "Ten nights in bar-room," was first-rate. Sunday the Ensign manipulated the autoharp, imitating the mandolin. Much blessing flowed from the above-mentioned meetings. Very busy at present with H. F. God's Spirit is working. Hurrah for Summerside!—W. J. E.

Truro.—We are having good times in this part of the field. We are daily proving that all things are possible to them that work and believe. During the past four months thirty precious souls have been forward to the mercy seat. Many of the converts are taking a firm stand for God and the Army, and with a strong pull together we have succeeded in raising \$150 for harvest festival. On Sunday four dear comrades were enrolled, namely, the yellow, red, and blue, and there are more to follow. Of a debt of \$275 on the corps when Capt. and Mrs. Hargrove took charge, they have succeeded in paying off \$160, and the work has gone forward in every way. The Commissioner's farewell meetings in St. John, and the cheap rates, are the topic of the day.—George.

## EAST ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.

### Farewell.

Montreal IV.—The farewell meetings of our beloved Commissioner were most instructive and very interesting, at the same time giving us a good insight of the work and good being done by the Salvation Army, as a body of earnest workers, who have set their feet upon the rock, and are doing the all-important work of saving souls and putting down sin and extending God's Kingdom. One feels inspired and constrained to work after hearing such a woman's voice speaking of the oppression of man. Then the hope held out to all such to leave sin and come and see the good things God has prepared for the faithful. All who have taken to that great truth have God's smile, and the promise of that home where no sin can enter and all tears are wiped away, and all the faithful will sing praises to God through all eternity.—N. H.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army has just passed through a very special season of work for the Kingdom of God, many special visiting officers assisting, the first arrivals being Capt. Mabel Webber, of Montreal, and Meads, of Toronto. Those officers received a hearty welcome from their many friends on Saturday, Sept. 17th, at they made their appearance at the battle's front. On that evening a two hot salvation meeting was held, resulting in two souls in the fountain. Sunday morning a good deal all through, Capt. Webber and Meads to the front, making the services interesting with music and song,

and Ensign Thompson, with the brass band, made a special effort and conducted a meeting with those who were duty-bound at the exhibition grounds Sunday afternoon. A good meeting was reported. Sunday evening Professor Clark, a good, faithful Christian and admirer of the Salvation Army, was present and took a leading part in the meeting, and spoke from Romans x. 1 very sincerely, concerning Paul's prayer and desire for Israel's salvation, bringing the truths to suit the present needs of the hearers. On Monday exhibition began, and Ensign Thompson, with a staff of workers made their way to the tent which he had previously secured, and amid the many amusements and attractions, daily during the week upheld Christ as the sinner's only hope, and salvation through the blood of the Lamb to the large crowds from various parts of the country which daily attended the fair, seizing every golden opportunity to warn the people to seek God and forsake sin. The evening meetings were musical and bright and interesting, and such notable warriors as Adj. Hicks and Rescue Staff, Capt. Rutledge, of N.Y., Rutledge, Kempliville, Ont., with Sergt.-Major Grant, also Capt. Mabel Webber, Meads, and Owen, from Ogdensburg, assisted, making the proceedings lively, and winning good attention from the people. The corps meetings were well attended and the Gospel truths were faithfully sown, and we pray that by the Spirit of God it shall result in the salvation of many souls. Capt. Owen remained over Sunday, and Ensign Thompson, owing to the illness of Mrs. Thompson, during the period Lieut. Osmond, who has been on furlough, said good-bye, going to Montreal. We wish her success and victory in her efforts; also we saw two souls at the holiness meeting seeking more of God, and in the evening a beautiful sight it was to behold three yearning hearts calling upon God for salvation, which was freely bestowed, and great joy filled our souls over these victories. Praise ye the Lord.—Sec. A. French.

## WEST ONTARIO NEWS.

St. Thomas.—We have just completed another red-hot week-end, the band for the first time putting in a full day, numbering seventeen members, Sunday morning open-air being started, which we hope to continue. It will mean a little sacrifice for our handmen, who have to work very hard during the week, but we believe that with the special effort on our part God will bless many poor souls who are today steeped in sin and iniquity. Holiness meeting started promptly to time, when Ensign Leacock sang and moved us to action by singing the beautiful chorus, "He leadeth me." Afternoon hallelujah free-and-easy meeting. Night open-air service wonderful time. Crowds continue to increase. Much sympathy is shown towards the Army in this city. Inside at 8 p.m. mighty salvation battle, building gorged to the door. Great solemnity prevailed while Sister Traker, late of London, Eng., sang that beautiful song, "Going to judgment with salvation light." Crowd spellbound, God moving mightily in our midst. The break's coming. Everybody praying while Ensign Hancock stepped to the front and rendered that splendid piece, which has proved such an inspiration and blessing to so many thousands in days gone by. "Oh, boundless salvation, deep ocean of love." Ensign Leacock's again to the front; and once more as he preached from that portion where Paul and Silas were imprisoned at the midnight while they were imprisoned for doing good, he finds us in the thick of the prayer meeting; no souls have accepted salvation so far, but in closing my report I hear that beautiful verse, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow."—J. Strain, War Correspondent.

Galt.—We are still fighting in the open-air. God is helping us. The people thought the Army would have to leave town, having no barracks, but God has sent us two good open-air fighters in the persons of Ensign Wilson and Lieut. Simpson, and glory be to Jesus, the Army is going on. Souls are being converted in the open-air at the drumhead. Sunday was a day to be remembered. Thirteen met for knee-drill, and a soul-refreshing time it was. Thirty-three met at 11 a.m. for holiness meeting at the quarters. God met with us, and at the end we had a reconsecration service. New faces were seen. Praise Him. At 2:30 fifteen met at quarters and moved to the park, where we lifted Jesus up to a good crowd. The people listened attentively to the Ensign's powerful address, when she finished her appeal two souls knelt at the drumhead for pardon. Hallelujah! This scene inspired us, and at 7:30 thirty-five (the largest number in years) met at the quarters and marched to the open-air stand. The people gazed with amazement and a very large crowd gathered around us. A red-hot meeting ensued. The soldiers danced for joy. The Gospel truth was riveted home to the hearts of the people. Interested, numbers of new faces seen, and a good collection realized. We wound up the day rejoicing in the love of Christ. Four souls since last report, or twenty-six in three weeks. All glory to God. We are believing for greater things. Pray for us, that we may get a hall, so that we may better suit the war.—Yeors very happy, A Soldier.

"Some people estimate the ability of a newspaper and the talent of its editor by the quantity of original matter. It is comparatively an easy task for a frothy writer to pour out daily a column of words, and many editors are misled by this. The real test of a man's power is not how much he can pour out in one weak, washy, everlasting flood, and the command of his language may enable him to strain them together like bunches of colons, and yet his paper may be a meagre and poor concern. Indeed, the mere writing part of editing a paper is but a small matter. The more important part is the selection. In selecting, is far more important, and the tact of a good editor is better shown by his selections than anything else; and that, we know, is half the battle. But, as we have said, an editor ought to be estimated, and his power understood and appreciated, on his general supervision of the newspaper, and on his uniform consistent course, its aims, manliness, its dignity, and its propriety. To preserve these as they should be preserved is enough to occupy fully the time and attention of any man. If to this be added the general supervision of the newspaper establishment, how can the editor have any leisure? The wonder is how they find time to write at all."



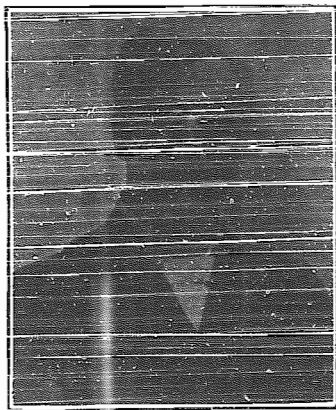
## "Au Revoir, Commissioner!"

(Continued from page 9.)

as the echoes went up to the glass roof the little thing awoke, and the baby hand went up to beat time too, "and I thanked God for an organization which takes hold of thousands like that little child, teaching them to beat time to a Gospel song instead of a bar-room melody. Commissioner, we honor you for what you have done for us here, and wherever you go you will be followed by our prayers."

Rev Mr. Gordon paid a high tribute to the administrative powers of our Commissioner. A business man has his employees' bread and butter at back of him; a military commander has the court-martial at back of him, but Miss Booth's leadership has been without these aids, and yet magnificent in harmony and effect. She has ruled by the law of love. By this means she has taken hold also of the wounded and erring hearts and helped them to gain concert pitch, so as to harmonize with God's will and bring no discordant note to the ear of Jesus Christ. I voice the feelings of my organization on this continent, six million strong, when I say could they all be here to-night they would each have uplifted hands, and in each hand a flower to weave in the wreath of victory that should grace the brow of Commissioner Eva Booth."

Rev. Dr. Griffith followed: "General Booth has been a gift of God to the world in which he lives, and his life has made an



Rev. Dr. Gordon.

ineffaceable in press upon the spirit of the age. The self-denial and devotion of his people have put other members of the Church of Christ to shame. In the person of his daughter here to-night, we can but tender our highest admiration and reverence for the organization which has grided the world with a zone of life. Wherever it has gone it has gone to heal and help and uplift humanity. Wherever the Commissioner goes, she goes to do this, and wherever she goes she must take our deepest respect and truest wishes, and in that day when they shall come from the east and from the west to gather into line for the march before the throne, very many may be the recruits which she may bring whom she has brought out of sin, and want, and wrong, and drilled into the great Army of the Lord."

Rev. Mr. Degrouchy represented the French population in a touching little speech in which he said great as has been the recent recognition accorded the Salvation Army by the highest of the land, greater still was the recognition bestowed on it by God, both now and from the beginning, and whose hand had made the Commissioner's service in Canada so radiant with blessing.

With her ears yet echoing the kind words of outside friends and sympathizers, her heart yet aglow with the warm farewell of her own people, and her hand yet feeling the countless handclaps, many of them accompanied with mingled tears and prayers, which

we had not the heart to keep all back, the Commissioner left Montreal. Her last visit has left an ineffaceable impression upon the city—upon its spiritual life, its philanthropic efforts, and upon the Army flag which flies there, supported by those who, in the Commissioner's own words, are possessed of "real grit."



### The War.

During the last week in September fierce attempts were made by the Japanese to capture Port Arthur, which were repulsed with great slaughter on both sides. The Japanese are reported to have had 45,000 casualties in the fighting around Port Arthur only, while the losses of the Russian defenders have been placed at 8,000. The Japanese also captured 160 Russian guns. Food is reported to be plentiful, but the supply of tinned and fresh meat is short. Thirty donkeys are killed daily to provide fresh meat.

Awful carnage is reported in the Japanese assaults on High Hill. For four days repeated attempts were made to take the fort, until the Japanese succeeded in holding the fort. Then the Russians called for volunteers who, armed with hand bombs, attacked the position and again drove out the Japanese.

Reports from Vladivostok state that the defences of the harbor and fort are as formidable as those at Port Arthur. The forests surrounding the city have been cut down in order that there may be no obstructions to the operations of the guns.

The opposing armies still face each other at and near Mukden. Constant skirmishes between scouting parties are reported; otherwise no reliable news is at hand.

### In the Interest of Peace.

President Roosevelt intends to call another assembly of the International Peace Congress. Both in Japan and Russia the action is resented as premature, but it is to be hoped that both nations will reconsider their refusal in the interest of humanity. The suffering and slaughter of the present war is horrible, and the loss of life appalling.

### Aged Statesman's Death.

Sir William Vernon Harcourt died suddenly on Oct. 1st, at Nuneham Park, near Oxford.

The late Right Hon. Sir William Vernon Harcourt was born Oct. 14th, 1827, being the second son of the late Rev. W. Vernon Harcourt, Nuneham Park, Oxford. He was educated in Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating with first-class honors. He was admitted as barrister of the Inner Temple in 1854; elected M.P., Oxford, in 1868, sitting for the constituency until 1880, and afterwards representing Derby until 1895. He was appointed Solicitor-General in 1874; was Home Secretary from 1880 to 1885; Chancellor of the Exchequer 1886, and again from 1892 to 1895. He was leader of the Liberal Party after Mr. Gladstone's death up to February last.

### Canadian Jottings.

At Owen Sound a two-year-old boy shot himself dead by playing with a loaded revolver.

At Windsor, Ont., two men were seriously injured by some heavy basket-making machinery falling on them.

Three railway accidents have taken place during the week. One near Woodstock; killing seven men and injuring a number of others. Another on the C.P.R. near Milton fortunately caused no loss of life; although the engine was overturned into the ditch the engineer and fireman escaped almost unhurt. The third one proved fatal to one employee.

Lumber merchants are requesting a protective duty to prevent lumber from the U. S. A. entering Canada at a low rate.

The assessor's report gives the population of Brantford as 19,455, an increase of about 1,000 over the previous year.

Mr. F. H. Clergue, of the Lake Superior Consolidated Co., has informed the Department of Trade and Commerce that the "Soo" mills are now turning out 400 tons of steel rails daily, and will soon be producing 50 tons per working day, which will be the normal output of the establishment. The bounty of \$2.25 per ton will thus mean a payment to the company of \$1,125 every day.

In addition to the steel bounties and the bounties on lead, the department now has the bounty on crude petroleum to pay out a pretty considerable task, when it is considered that there are 400 claimants owning some 2,000 oil wells. The oil bounty will amount to a quarter of a million, or perhaps \$300,000, annually.

### Abroad.

A Somalia Muliah is reported to have attacked and robbed the Oggada tribe, killing 600 tribesmen and capturing many captives and sheep.

The Welsh express was wrecked near Longnor Bridge. The engine jumped the track and several carriages fell into an adjoining field. It is stated that four persons, including the driver and fireman, were killed, and fifty wounded.

Polish newspapers report that before the czar's train arrived at Baranovitch, during the recent trip to Southern Russia, a man was arrested who had attempted to place a bomb upon the railway track. He refused to give his name.

A despatch from St. Petersburg to the Exchange Telegraph Company says the ammunition magazines at Sebastopol are on fire. There has been considerable loss of life.

The French wheat crop is 24,000,000 hectolitres below the estimate, but the reserves at hand nearly supply the deficiency.

### Great Run on Whales.

The whaling industry in the Gulf of St. Lawrence next spring promises to be very active. Under the Act of last session already some seventy licenses have been applied for to the Department of Fisheries. Whaling has been carried on in Newfoundland waters for the past five years with phenomenal success, the whalers earning as high as 50 per cent. on the amount invested.

Curiously enough, the operations of the Newfoundland companies have driven the whales to the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and unless the business is overdone there should be excellent returns as a result of the next season's operations. The season for whaling extends over the months of March, April, and May.

### TEMPLE TRIUMPHS.

The power of God was felt in the services conducted at the Temple last Sunday. Several good cases of conversion have taken place recently, some of whom gave excellent testimonies in the night's meeting.

Bandsman Turner, well-known and much respected, celebrated his 11th birthday as a follower of Christ and gave some soul-stirring talks throughout the day. The Songster Brigade was launched and promises to be a great help to the corps. Their singing was excellent and caused much favorable comment. Adj. Arnold played a violin solo. W. C. A.

By writing to Staff-Capt. Taylor, Spokane, prices of the stereoscopic photograph published in this number can be secured.

A substantial amount was raised for the Hamilton Rescue Home by means of the moving pictures of the International Congress on Monday night last. We are sure, however, that Ensign Broster, the officer in charge of that Home, which was so fully described in a recent issue of the War Cry, would appreciate greatly further assistance from our friends.



## PACIFIC COAST NEWS.

Vancouver, B.C.—This is Sept. 21st, and we have this day sent in our H. F. target in full, which is \$300. We held a most successful sale on Tuesday, the 20th. From it we realized about \$70. Our hall was well filled with liberal buyers, who paid good prices for everything that they bought. We marked all our goods and had them on exhibition, disposing of the majority of our stock by private sale; what remained was put up for auction. Staff-Capt. Hay filling the position of auctioneer, which he can do well, and by 11 o'clock the tables were all empty. The Harvest Thanksgiving meetings on Sunday were unusually interesting. In our program we brought in a new leader for each meeting. Staff-Captain Goodwin conducted the Ladies meeting, Adjt. N. Smith the afternoon, and Staff-Capt. Hay at night. This was the Staff-Captain's first appearance since his return from England. The bandmen seemed particularly pleased to see him back again, and with these special announcements we increased our congregations considerably, and the collections for the three meetings amounted to \$30. The hall was decorated, and many were the congratulatory remarks made concerning its good appearance. The soldiers at Vancouver are among the very best for working in special efforts. They will do anything rather than fail in reaching their targets. God bless them. Capt. West and myself, with all our comrades, are determined to keep the colors flying in Vancouver.—Staff-Capt. Goodwin.

## Victory for Victoria.

Victoria, B.C.—I am pleased to report that the Salvation Army is advancing, spiritually and financially. E. P. is the topic of conversation these days. Some of our sisters have very large targets to reach, but we have no doubt that with their usual energy and perseverance they will accomplish what they are working for. We intend to leave no stone unturned until the target is smashed. Last week we had a very special time. We had the pleasure of welcoming Staff-Capt. Alice Goodwin to our corps. She has been the D. O. of B. C. for the last eight months, and as this was her first visit to Victoria we were delighted to have her with us. As it was Labor Day, and a national holiday, she was accompanied by Capt. West, her assistant. Several officers also came on the excursion, and a number of Vancouver soldiers, including the Sergt.-Major, Bro. and Mrs. Norman spent Sunday with us. Bandmen

some unfaithfulness on his part, yet for the last few years he was true to his God, and did with the blessed hope and assurance of a glorious immortality. As he lay in his coffin with his guernsey and badge to view, we were proud to be Salvationists, and to know if true to our vows we would meet our comrade in that celestial city, whose maker and builder is God. In visiting him at the hospital a few hours before he departed, when asked how it was with him, he answered, "All is well, I am going to be with Jesus. Hallelujah! for the assurance that all is well." Staff-Capt. Goodwin was indefatigable in her efforts to give our departed comrade a regular Salvation Army burial, as well as to help cheer and comfort his dear devoted wife, who is left to mourn her loss; but He who clothes the lily, and makes the sparrow's fall, with strength and guide her ever, and bring her safe through all. We are right in our Harvest Festival. Our dear officers and comrades are going in with the vim and zeal of true fighters, and of course must win. All glory to God!—H. N. M. N.

## PROMOTED TO GLORY.

## A JUNIOR CALLED UP HIGHER.

Famish Cove, Nfld.—On Friday, Sept. 2nd, the death messenger entered the home of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cram, and took away little Willie. He had been a faithful little junior, although only ten years old. It was surprising to hear him talking about Jesus; while lying on his bed suffering with pain he was never heard to murmur. One day when I visited him, his mother was by the bedside weeping. Willie looked up and said, "Mamma, don't cry for me, I am going home to heaven, to dwell with Jesus, and my little brother and sister. I can see them now, they are waiting for me." A few days later his little spirit went home to God, and he is now singing the songs with the redeemed in heaven. We laid him to rest pledging ourselves to be true to God and meet little Willie again. We pray that God, who doeth all things well, shall comfort the bereaved ones.—J. M. R.

## LITTLE DAUGHTER OF BROTHER SHEA GONE HOME.

Windsor, N.B.—After scarcely a day's illness the darling daughter (Rilla) of our comrade Eli Shea passed away to be with Jesus. This little flower

born in Wrangell. At that time it was called Fort Wrangell, the Hudson's Bay Co. being established here, and when Lama Tamaree, who came from Honolulu, arrived in Fort Wrangell she was then a young woman in her twenties, and they agreed to live together. One son was born to them in Fort Wrangell, and he died. Then the H. B. Co. moved them to Fort Simpson, where another son was born, and who is now Sergt. Tom Tamaree, in Wrangell. This was in 1849. Then in 1850 Sir James Douglas, who was then Governor of B.C., had them moved to Victoria, and Lama Tamaree was appointed butler in his household, and Mrs. Tamaree used to do the sewing for the family, and they stayed with Sir James for ten years. When another son was born, they lived around Nanaimo, and in 1863 they came back to Fort Wrangell, where Mr. Tamaree died, October, 1878 in his 75th year. Some twenty-four years ago his wife was married to our present Sergt.-Major Wm. Tamaree. She toiled hard for his conversion, and would pray almost night and day for God to save him. Finally her prayers were answered. Some five years ago her son Tom, who was living in Vancouver, B.C., came to Wrangell. He used to drink, play billiards, etc., etc. Was known as one of the boys. She would talk to him and pray for him—drop on her knees any place in the house—until he surrendered himself to God and got saved. The people of Wrangell know him as a decent man. She loved her people. Some few weeks before her death she was out in the camp and got cold, and was laid aside for a time, but got well enough to be up, and the day before she died she had gone around visiting whites and natives alike. She had prayed for God to give her this privilege. When she was granted her, and after she had done what she felt was her duty she was suddenly called home without any pain. We gave her an Army funeral, and both natives and whites sent wreaths of flowers and attended the funeral service in the barracks. Rev. Mr. Cochrane spoke highly of her Christian character. She had been a Christian for nearly sixty years, and she said, "All my people are nearly converted, and now I am waiting for all my people. She was a noble woman. May God bless the bereaved ones.—Robt. Smith, Adjt.

Port Hood.—On Thursday night the chariot lowered, and Sister May Watts, one of Port Hood's most faithful soldiers stepped in and went to swell the ranks of the redeemed ones.

Nearly a year ago Sister Watts gave herself to God, and since then, by her consistent and Christlike life, has wielded an influence for good. Not a murmur escaped her lips during the time she was laid aside. The tender members of the family feel the separation much, but are consoled by the thought that their loved one is with Jesus.

At her memorial service on Sunday night, as the different comrades and friends related to the blessings received through her, and expressed a desire to be faithful unto death and meet her in heaven, tears were seen coursing down the cheeks of some, and six souls, among them the youngest brother, came and gave themselves to God. In the Saturday night and Sunday afternoon meetings preceding the memorial service, another brother and a girl-friend of our departed sister sought the Lord. Our sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones, and we pray the God of all comfort shall comfort and sustain them.—J. E. Hebb, Capt.

## PROMOTION TO GLORY OF SISTER SOUTHWORTH.

Little did I think when I last met our dear sister, but a few weeks ago, that at this time I would be taking up my pen to chronicle her death. How true are those words, "We never can tell when the death-bell will toll," but, oh, how blessed to know that she was ready. We remember her last testimony, in the Sunday night meeting, how she loved Jesus and was living day by day to do His blessed will; she rose the second time and told the members that might be the last opportunity to warn them of their danger.

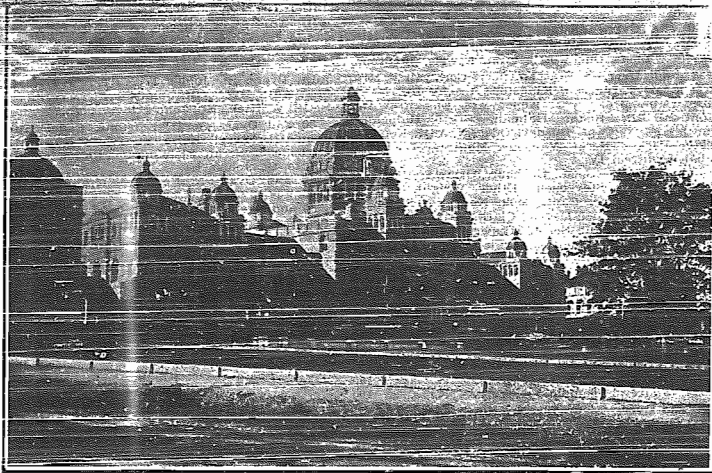
Sister Southworth was a very earnest Christian, and was loved by all who knew her. She had been a soldier ever since the Army came to Thudford. She loved the march and open-air meetings. When unable to walk both ways she would wait at the open-air stand and then catch the train with us. Truly we can say she lived an industrious life. She was laid to rest in the Baptist cemetery, beside her dear father, who went to Glory some years ago. The funeral service was conducted by Captain A. Thompson. We pray that God will bless and sustain the bereaved ones.

She is not dead, oh no, but only sleeping. Calmly and sweetly on her Saviour's breast: She is not dead, there is no need for weeping. She whom we miss has entered into rest.

She is not dead, but only reached the portal Where sin and grief can never touch her more: She is not dead, but free from sin and sorrow, Forever safe upon the heavenly shore.

No heavy cross, but now the crown unfading; No weary feet, but perfect endless bliss; No aching heart, but everlasting gladness, Forever in the mansions of the blessed.

Oh, may we ever in her footsteps follow, And strive to serve the Lord with all our heart, To follow God in spite of pain and sorrow, And then meet her in heaven, no more to part.  
—Comrade A. W. McIntyre.



Provincial Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.

Norman is an old Victoria soldier, and it seemed the old times to see him among us again. I must not forget to mention that Adjt. Blackburn was here at the same time, and he made things hum. A man on the outside of the open-air ring remarked that he was the right sort, and as he had been through the mill he knew what he was talking about.—Sergt. W. H. Shillinglaw.

## Smiles and Tears.

Vancouver.—"Rejoice and be exceedingly glad, for great is your reward in heaven." We do rejoice because of the blessed hope and assurance of an eternity of bliss, also for the peace, joy, and happiness we have in doing the will of God in our sojourn here upon earth. Since my last report we have had the joy of seeing sinners turn to the Lord, seek, and find salvation. Adjt. and Mrs. Blackburn and their little drummer have been with us, on their way north. We enjoyed their stay very much. Adjutant gave us a lecture on his life and experience prior to and after he met the Salvation Army. I am sure everyone enjoyed hearing him tell of his wild life, thrilling escapes, glorious conversion, and years of truly consecrated life service for the salvation of others. We have also to announce that since our last report another comrade has been called to his heavenly home, in the person of Bro. S. T. Parr, who came from Tacoma but three months ago. He became a Salvationist about twenty-one years ago, and though, as he said, he could look back upon

who had not quite spent two years in this world, was indeed the joy of the home. The parents have learned to say, "They will be done."—A. L.

Thou wilt never die, my darling;

Thou never hast learned to fear  
The dark, dark vale at the end of the way  
That waiteth us pilgrims here.

Thou knowest naught of the waters cold,  
The changes and cross alone;

Thou didst not walk through the valley and shade,  
For He taketh the lambs in His arms;  
He beareth them safe from the love of the earth  
To the love of that home on high—

The love that is light, and light for aye;  
Thou never, never wilt die. —Selected.

## AN INDIAN CHIEFTESS GONE TO HEAVEN.

Wrangell.—Death has visited our ranks and removed from Wrangell an old Indian. Having lived eighty-five years, and been a chieftess as well as a Christian, she is greatly missed, especially by her own tribe, and also by the other natives, and she was loved by the white people. Mrs. Tamaree has gone to join the great throng around the throne of God. Perhaps a little history of her life will be interesting to the readers of the War Cry. Her Indian name was Kat-ha-que, and she was



Ensign and Mrs. Howell, Lippincott	20.00
J. E. Jarvis, Yorkville	19.00
Adj. and Mrs. Sims, Lisgar St.	18.00
Brother Verral, Lisgar St.	17.75
Lieut. Mord, Dovercourt	17.10
Adj. Hyde, Lisgar St.	16.50
Mrs. Jones, Huntville	16.00
Nellie Richards, Lindsay	15.25
Sergt. McDonald, Bracebridge	15.00
Lieut. Hudgin, Parry Sound	14.00
Mrs. Grant, Yorkville	13.00
Adj. Parsons, Lindsay	11.50
Adj. Boggs, Riverdale	10.11
Sergt. Mrs. Garbutt, Bracebridge	10.00
Mr. A. R. McDonald, Bracebridge	10.00
Capt. M. Porter, Riverdale	10.00
Mrs. Staff-Capt. Atwell, Yorkville	10.00
Sister Simpson, Yorkville	10.00
Adj. Lowrie, Yorkville	10.00
Capt. Dunlop, Yorkville	10.00
Brother Matchett, Lisgar St.	10.00
Mrs. Bateman, Esther St.	10.00
Lieut. McMillan, Lindsay	10.00
Mrs. Hinton, Oakville	10.00

## Our History Class.

V.—THE ENGLISH.

Chapter XIX.

HENRY IV.—A.D. 1399-1413.

The English people had often chosen their king out of the Royal Family in old times, but from John to Richard II. he had always been the son and heir of the last king. Now, though poor Richard had no child, Henry of Lancaster was not the next of kin to him, for Lionel, Duke of Clarence, had come between the Black Prince and John of Gaunt; and

his great-grandson, Edmund Mortimer, was brought by many to have a better right to be king than Henry. Besides, people did not know whether Richard was alive, and they thought him hardly used, and wanted to set him free. So Henry had a very uneasy time. Every one had been fond of him when he was a bright, friendly, free-spoken noble, and he had thought that he would be a good king and much loved; but he had gained the crown in an evil way, and it never gave him any peace or joy. The Welsh, who always had loved Richard, took up arms for him, and the Earl of Northumberland, who had betrayed Richard, expected a great deal too much from Henry. The earl had a brave son—Henry Percy—who was so fiery and eager that he was commonly called Hotspur. He was set to fight with the Welsh; and with the king's son, Henry, Prince of Wales—a brave boy of fifteen or sixteen—under his charge, to teach him the art of war; and they used to climb the mountains and sleep in tents together as good friends.

But the Scots made an attack on England. Henry Percy went north to fight with them, and beat them in a great battle, making many prisoners. The king sent to ask to have the prisoners sent to London, and this made the proud Percy so angry that he gave up the cause of King Henry, and went off to Wales, taking his prisoners with him; and there—being by this time nearly sure that poor Richard must be dead—he joined the Welsh in choosing, as the only right king of England, young Edmund Mortimer. Henry IV. and his sons gathered an army easily, for the Welsh were so savage and cruel, that the English were sure to fight against them if they broke into England. The battle was fought near Shrewsbury. It was a very fierce one, and in it Hotspur was killed, the Welsh put to flight, and the Prince of Wales fought so well that everyone saw he was likely to be a brave, warlike king, like Edward I. or Edward III.

The troubles were not over, however, for the Earl of Northumberland himself, and Archbishop

Scrope of York, took up arms against the king; but they were put down without a battle. The earl fled and hid himself, but the archbishop was taken and beheaded—the first bishop whom a king of England had ever put to death. The Welsh went on plundering and doing harm, and Prince Henry had to be constantly on the watch against them; and, in fact, there never was a reign so full of plots and conspiracies. The king never knew whom to trust: one friend after another turned against him, and he became soured and wretched; he was worn out with disappointment and guarding against everyone, and at last he grew even suspicious of his brave son Henry, because he was so bright and bold, and was so much loved. The prince was ordered home from Wales, and obliged to live at Windsor, with nothing to do, while his younger brothers were put before him and trusted by their father—one of them even sent to command the army in France. But happily the four brothers—Henry, Thomas, John, and Humphrey—all loved each other so well that nothing could make them jealous or at enmity with one another. At Windsor, too, the king kept young Edmund Mortimer—whom the Welsh had tried to make king—and also the young Prince of Scotland, whom an English ship had caught as he was sailing for France to be educated. It was very dishonorable of the king to have taken him; but he was brought up with the young English princes, and they all led a happy life together.



To Parents, Relations and Friends:

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriend, and, as far as possible, assist wronged widows and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address: Canadian Evangelical Society, 25 Albert Street, Toronto, and mail "Evangelical" on the envelope. Fifty cents should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of one dollar is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Clipping, color, and design are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

4589. McDONELL, ALEX., known as Paddy. Age 45 years, dark complexion. Supposed to be in British Columbia.

4590. McDONELL, HUGH, usually called Hughtie. Age 39 years, dark complexion. Last heard of in Cripple Creek, Colorado, six years ago. (American Cry please copy.)

4591. LAWRENCE, JAMES F., late Private F. Battery, 3rd Regiment of Artillery, U.S. Army. Native of Nova Scotia. Age 27 years, height 5ft. 4½in., florid complexion, brown eyes and hair; barber by trade.

4592. MILLER, GEORGE. Native of Woodbridge, Ont., age 41 years, black hair, blue eyes, dark complexion. Last heard of in August, 1899; was then in Toledo, Ohio. May have since returned to Canada.

4593. MEDLOCK, FREDERICK. Age 25 years; Englishman; stone-dresser by occupation; worked in a quarry in England; is supposed to be in Halifax, N.S.



Frederick Medlock.

Lulu Emile Ruffener.

4597. RUFFENER, LUIS EMILE. Age 23 years; native of La-Chaux-de-Fonds, Canton de Neuchâtel, Switzerland; son of Lulu A. Ruffener. Came to America, March 28th, '95. In February, '98, left for the Klondike. Information of any kind gladly received.

(Second Insertion.)

4583. McKNIGHT, CHARLES WESLEY TODD. Age 30, dark hair, blue eyes, height 5ft. 5in. Printer by trade. (American Cry please copy.)

4584. PARADINE, SAMUEL. Height 5ft. 4in., brown hair, brown eyes, dark complexion, rather thick set. Came from England six months ago, left Aurora in August. Wife anxious.

4585. CUSHMAN, EDWIN. Age 20 years, dark hair, grey eyes. Left Bullocksville, Alberta, about a year ago.

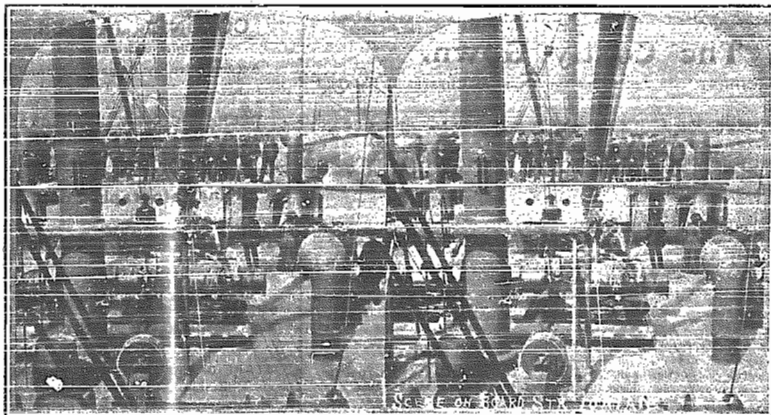
4587. KING, HAROLD. Age 17 years. Left Port William for Duluth, Mich., on July 24th, 1904, in company with a young man named Smith.

## S. A. IMMIGRATION AND TRANSPORTATION DEPARTMENT.

We are Agents for all the leading Railway and Steamship Lines, and book passengers for all parts of the world. Any officers, soldiers, or friends contemplating visiting England, or any other part of the world, or desiring to send for friends, are advised to write for lowest rates, etc., to Brigadier T. Howell, 20 Albert St., Toronto.

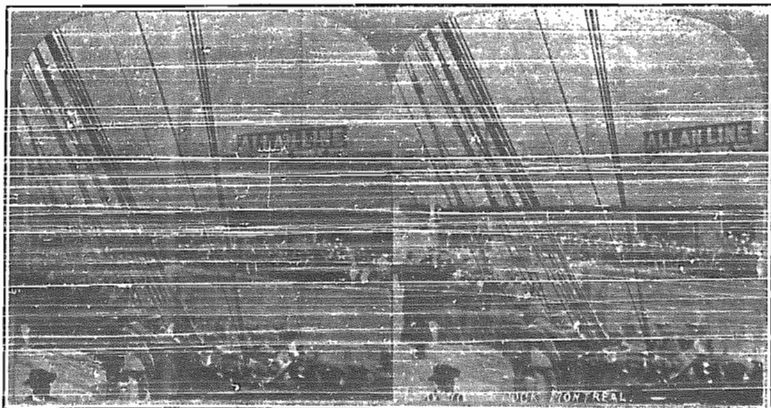
## OUR STEREOSCOPIC SERIES.

With this number we begin a series of stereoscopic views of the great International Congress, taken by Staff-Capt. Taylor. We advise our readers to cut out these pictures and mount them on cardboard for ready use.



1.—Ready to Sail.

The Congress Staff Band is seen playing on the upper deck while the boat is preparing to leave Montreal.



2.—"Good-Bye, Montreal."

The S.S. Ionian leaves the Allan Line Wharf, Friday, June 10th, 9 a.m.

**Ensign Sloss**—Orangeville, Oct. 15, 16, 17; Brampton, Oct. 18; Hamilton, Oct. 20; Hamilton II, Oct. 21; Dundas, Oct. 22, 23; Niagara Falls, Oct. 24; St. Catharines, Oct. 25; Oakville, Oct. 26; 27; Downsview, Oct. 28, 29, 31.

**Ensign Edwards**—Smith's Falls, Oct. 15, 16; Kemptville, Oct. 17; Ottawa, Oct. 18, 19; Ottawa II, Oct. 20; Kingston, Oct. 21, 22; Tweed, Oct. 24, 25; Kingston, Oct. 26, 27; Sunbury, Oct. 28; Gananoque, Oct. 29, 30; Napanee, Oct. 31. Nov. 1: Deseronto, Nov. 2; Pictou, Nov. 3, 4, 5.

**Ensign Pease**—Windsor, October 12; Sarnia, Oct. 13, 15, 17; Theford, Oct. 18, 19; Fort Erie, Oct. 20, 21; Welland, Oct. 22, 23; Watford, Oct. 24; Stratford, Oct. 25, 26; London, Oct. 27, 28; Stratford, Oct. 29, 30; Seaford, Oct. 31, Nov. 1; Goderich, Nov. 2, 3; Clinton, Nov. 4; Windsor, Nov. 5, 6; Lewiston, Nov. 7, 8.